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TEMPLE BELLS

THE chime of temple bells from far away
Touches my bosom like the fragrancy
Of a far-away flower-field : my heart-bee
Sails out towards the honey-store afar.
The tongue kisses the lips of th' flower-bell,
And streams of music from its bosom swell.
Across the silent sky like a shooting star
The breath of melody flashes silver light.
My heart thrills like a nun's at dead of night,
Rememb'ring in a dream of pure delight,
Her long-lost love's first kisses sweet and true,
And wakes to find it a dream of yesterday.
For lo! the melody dies and the blue
Sky mantles the old world of misery.

Susi P. David.

TWO GREAT RAMABAIS

By Padmini Satthianadhan

WE, who are today reaping the benefit of the spade-work done by our first great women-reformers, can hardly fathom the hardships and the sacrifices they underwent on our behalf. To us, the path seems so clear and smooth, the way towards the ultimate goal of progress and emancipation so bereft of obstacles, that we have forgotten the hewing, the clearing, and the probing through the thickest of hindrances, which the great women of a generation ago had to accomplish in order to prepare the road along which we at present trip light-heartedly.

The lives of these pioneer women, so single-hearted in purpose, so noble in achievement, so brave, unflinching and self-less, can each form a romance as engrossing and interesting as the most fascinating of novels. We have, however, little space now to go into detail over their heroic deeds and astounding careers. We can but lightly lift the veil of time that has obscured the memory of two of our great reformers and take note of the nobility of their lives, so that we, in our small, self-contained and rather placid and satisfied way, may learn a little of the greatness of those who went before us.

One of our earliest and greatest reformers was Pandita Ramabai, of whom even we with our modern ignorance have heard so much. Her life was, we know, a hard one and the sufferings she underwent sound almost mythical to us, who live in an age of much more material comfort. The extremes of poverty, the agony of thirst, the necessity of having to walk mile upon mile from one end of India to another, the cruelty of orthodoxy, the misery of being left all alone in the world—all these great privations and sorrows were not strange to the Pandita. At the same time, however, she knew the joy that could overcome these hardships, and she tasted of the ecstasy of reaping a little the fruits of the seed she had sewn on such rough ground.

We know that it was due to the efforts of this dauntless Indian woman that the great wrongs of the Hindu woman were first made known to the world at large. Her institutions were more or less the first of their kind to give industrial education to Indian women. She was responsible for the inauguration of the *Arya Mahila Samaj*, which enabled her, in 1882, to appear before the English Education Commission to plead for the immediate improvement of the education of Indian women, as the head of a deputation of three hundred Brahmin ladies. She started three unique institutions, the *Sharada Sadan*, the *Kripa Sadan* and the *Mukti Sadan*, giving succour to innumerable widows and Indian women, and also an impetus to other well-wishers of India to follow in her footsteps. It was no easy task, in those days, to raise funds for these homes, and Pandita Ramabai had to travel in England and America, and rouse the sympathy of her sisters across the waters in order to carry out her ideas. But, so sincere and single-hearted was she, that she found no difficulty in finding money for her purpose. Her salvage work during the famine of 1897 was astounding, and invaluable the service she did to lighten the sufferings of her country. As a biographer says of her: "few, if any, have greater claims to distinction than the Pandita Ramabai Saraswati, who has proved herself a thinker as well as a heroine, and whose name deserves to be enshrined as a household word in the home of every one of her Indian sisters."

A woman, who was greatly influenced by Pandita Rambabai, was Ramabai Ranade, the wife of the great reformer, Justice Ranade. Like her namesake, Ramabai Ranade had to face a great deal of opposition from her orthodox relations; but she had the advantage of the support and encouragement of her husband. Under his able guidance, and with his noble character

as an inspiration to her to do something for Indian women, Mrs. Ranade herself became a great reformer, and, helped by her efforts, the *Poona Seva Sadan* was started with branches all over the Bombay Presidency. Today, this institution is a live wire that, apart from affording shelter, instruction and work to countless Indian women, is turning out hundreds of them fit to be independent enough to earn their own livelihood. Mrs. Ranade was one of the pioneer women, who realised that the Hindu widow, instead of being left a helpless dependent on the hands of her parents, should be taught a useful vocation in life. Ramabai Ranade also established the *Seva Sadan Nursing and Medical Association*, and took an active part in all women's problems. An admirer said of her after her death, "The news of her passing soon spread through the city and they came one and all—men, women and children—an endless procession, to file in silent reverence, past her who had been a mother to her people—Ramabai, the friend, the enthusiast, the worker. She had spent her years in the uplifting of her people—she had blazed the trail for them in a practically trackless world."

How quickly have the number of Indian women reformers multiplied since the days of the two great Ramabais, how much happier are our lives to-day, and how great is the debt we owe to those early pioneers for making our lot so much more cheerful! Surely their spirits still hover over us, encouraging us in our work; and surely they themselves are happy that they have contributed something to make life for women in India what it is to-day.

A MOTHER'S PART

What is the secret in a mother's heart,
When she is old, her children gone away?
When she may play no longer in the part
That once it was her very life to play—
The role of nurse and confidant and friend,
Guarding and guiding childhood's little fears,
Healing and comforting—What's at the end,
When these are memories of bygone years?

What is the secret in a mother's heart,
Finding her children women, now, and men?
Only the certainty that, at the start,
She could not choose a better task again;
Only the knowledge, hidden in her breast,
That to these youthful lovers, husbands, wives,
She of her love and wisdom gave the best,
Laying the corner-stone of noble lives.

— From *Wife and Home.*

Ancient Sinhalese and Indian Arm and Hand Ornaments

BY J. A. WILL PERERA

ANY thesis on ancient Sinhalese and Indian arm and hand ornaments is incomplete, if it omits regal ornaments or does not accord them their proper place in the theme. Sinhalese kings and queens wore jewelled armlets on the upper arms. These were called *Minivalalu*. The word *valalu* signifies to this day *armlets* or *bangles*. Bracelets worn on the upper arms were known as *Bahudandi*.

Royalty and Nobility

Royal personages of either sex wore no less than five types of bangles on the wrists. These varied in decoration, some were jewelled, others beaded, and yet others bore filigree patterns. The names of the several kinds used by Sinhalese royalty were *Kataka*, *Kayisum*, *Kayisutra*, *Kayipottu*, and *Kayivadam*. All royal jewellery was of gold. Gold was used exclusively by royalty. In rare instances where nobles were rewarded with gold decorations, permission was granted by the reigning monarch to the recipient to wear them as special tokens of royal favour.

Members of the nobility and plebeians were content, or had to be so, with ornaments of silver, brass, copper, *sankha*, etc. We have to turn to old sculptures and fresco paintings in Ceylon's ancient places to discern the kinds of armlets and bangles worn at various periods in *Lanka's* history.

Sculptures

At the very ancient *Isurumuniya Buddhist Temple*, Anuradhapura, are a few pre-Buddhist sculptures. In one group, popularly called " The Lovers ", but identified as Siva and Parvati, we see both figures displaying two plain rounded armlets, and three bangles, also devoid of carving or jewels, and rounded in like manner.

A puzzle-figure at the same shrine—identified by some as the sage Kapila—shows an armlet with a boss, as well as two bracelets on the right wrist. (Picture I)

Dwarapalas or *Doratupalas* (guardian deities) at entrances to ancient shrines at the far-famed old capital city, Anuradhapura, also wear plain bangles. Those sculptured at the Watadage at the later capital, Polonnaruwa (Pulasthi-Nagara), have ornate armlets similar to that shown in *Sketch V*, which is Orissian in design and ornamentation. Hindu sculpture predominates here, *Dravidian, North Indian* and *Cambodian*. The Polonnaruwa Dwarapalas have on their wrists 3 carved bangles.

Coming to later times, in the dado of musicians and spirited dancers at Yapahuwa in the North Western Province, we see both plain and patterned bangles and armlets. Some of them wear the conch-shell ornaments depicted in *Sketch VI*.

Frescoes

In Ceylon we have the exact counterpart of Ajanta, in the famous Sigiriya frescoes. Each set of exquisite paintings was executed either by the same artist or artists, or pupils of the same school.

The bangles and armlets at Ajanta and Sigiriya are almost identical. Yasodhara and Rahula (Ajanta), and the queens or princesses (Sigiriya) display jewelled and fringed armlets and bangles. Plain and rounded armlets are worn by the Sigiriya attendants, while bangles (*Sketches VI & VII*) are common at either place. An attendant at Ajanta, however, has an armlet with pearl (?) garlands, 8 beaded bangles and 2 rounded ones.

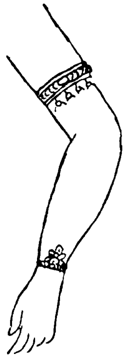
Dr. Mitra, from whose work "*Indo-Aryans*" the sketches illustrating this article are reproduced, says with regard to *Sketches VI & VII* (75 & 76 in *Indo-Aryans*) that they:—

> " exhibit the well-known conch-shell ornament (*Sankha*). It is formed by cutting the shell *(Maza Rapa* of Lamark, *Turbinella Rapa* and *Voluta gravis* of Sir E. Tennent) into annulets, and eight or ten of them are arranged in a tapering form, and then mounted with gold beads, bosses and other decorations; some of the annulets are left white, while others are dyed with lac of a bright crimson colour."

Sankha, Gold and Horn

Fifty years ago these had gone out of fashion in Calcutta, but the poorer classes in Orissa

I



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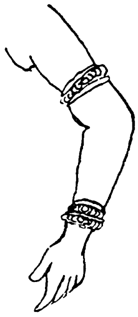

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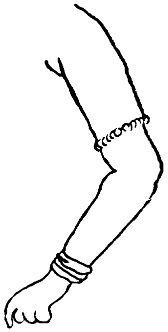

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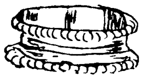
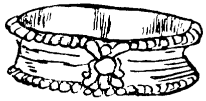


IX

KAPILA ?
Figure of man and horse at Isurumuniya, Anuradhapura, (Ceylon).



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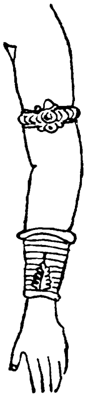

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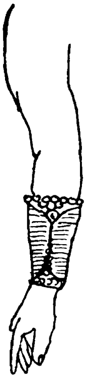

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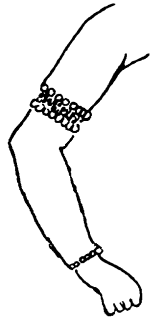

VIII

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PHOTOS 1, 2 & 3: THE INDIAN NEWS AGENCY, SRIRANGAM.
4: R. VENKOBA RAO, SRIRANGAM.

1. Mrs. T. Narayani Amma, Member of the Sri Mulam Assembly, Travancore, who introduced the Remarriage of Hindu Widows Bill. She has made certain important alterations to the original Bill.

2. Miss Roma Bose, a Calcutta University Research Scholar in England, who has been awarded the D. Phil. degree in philosophy of the Oxford University. She is the first Indian girl to get this.

3. Mrs. Sushila Bai Kale, who is shortly proceeding to Paris to study "Beauty Culture". This is the first time that an Indian lady has been selected from Baroda to study in a foreign country.

4. Young Dancer: Kumari Pushaplatta Batra of Bharatpur aged 7 years who was awarded 3 gold medals and a silver cup for her classical dance demonstration in the *Aligarh Music Conference* held at *Aligarh* in January 1937. In addition to this, she received 6 gold medals and two silver cups in the *All-India Music Competition, Lucknow* (Dec. 1936), and a cup and a medal in the *Mackenzie Music Competition, Agra* (Nov. 1936), and 3 gold medals and a silver cup in the *Ajmere Music Conference* (October 1936). In total, up to this time, she has received 13 gold medals and 5 silver cups.

had clung to them tenaciously. Simultaneously with the disappearance of these annulets in Calcutta, adds Dr. Mitra, "A form of it made of gold and buffalo horn, or of gold and horn set with precious stones and called *peta chudi*" also vanished from the then metropolis of India, but survived as "a favourite among Uriya bells."

The Sigiriya annulets or *peta chudi* have jewelled massive circlets at either end, devised evidently to prevent the smaller ones slipping up or downwards, thus holding them taut. On the other hand, the device may have been added to lend grace to the series of bangles in the middle.

The 12th Century fresco in the Veluvana Shrine within the Northern suburb of Polonnaruwa (Pulasthi Nagara) shows single armlets in use. They are un-ornmented and round in shape. The bangles too are plain and rounded.

Coming to recent times, when the capital was removed to Kandy in the central highlands, we see in the frescoes at Degaldoruwa Eihare beaded armlets like those in *Sketch III* with rim edges. The bangles are alsobeaded, rim-edged, with an upper crest or boss as in *Sketch II* (*Mitra's 69*)

The elaborate armlet (*Sketch V*) is depicted in the demala Maha Seya fresco at Polonnaruwa (12th Century). Plain arched armlets with rimmed edges figure at Sigiriya (6th Century).

Sinhalese Aryans

I make no apology for referring once more to Dr. Mitra's monumental work on the Indo-Aryans, as the Sinhalese come from that stock, and their sculptures, frescoes, manners and customs were derived from Bihar and Orissa, whence came the first Aryan conquerors led by Prince Vijaya to Lanka.

The emblem of marriage in Bengal is the *Bala*, which the learned author says is "a ring of metal of a cylindrical form, ordinarily plain, but sometimes twisted, or otherwise wrought, which Bengali women reckon as the emblem of their married state, and never open as long as their husbands are living. If made of gold or silver, it generally encloses a bit of iron, but a separate annulet of iron is also commonly worn, which then forms, like the European marriage ring, the emblem of the married state."

Kharu, Patur, etc.

In Orissa, Dr. Mitra found the *Kharu* replacing the *Bala*. The former is flat on both surfaces, the exposed part bearing various patterns. Beaded surfaces were common, but rich specimens (*Sketch I*), that he came across in Orissian sculpture, contained ornate crests or bosses.

The *Kharu* was sometimes doubled, eliminating the crest or boss. Some had the spaces between the two circlets expanded, hunched, arched,"or otherwise developed and ornamented." (*Sketches IX & X*). This fore-arm ornament was in use in old Ceylon.

In Calcutta itself, a bracelet akin to the European bracelets of fifty years ago was in use. It was named the *Paturi*. Till half a century ago, the *Baju* (*Sketch V*), the *Tabij* (*Sketch VI*) and the *Tad* (*Sketch VII*) were "the leading ornaments" for the arm. The *Baju* was "apparently mounted with precious stones". The *Tabij* and *Tad* were of wrought metal, and devoid of gems. A very elegant *Tabij* appears in *Sketch V*, but a better one with a fringe of small bells is shown in *Sketch I*.

Ancient rings

Rings were worn in olden days on the index finger. *Sketch II & V* show the method in vogue, but the illustrations are too small to permit a close scrutiny in order to ascertain the shape and design of each. A dancing girl in Cave No. I at Ajanta wears a ring on her index finger. In remote ages, the mode of wearing finger rings in Ceylon was apparently the same as on the India continent.

Saari Valalu in monarchical Ceylon were heavily-ornamented bangles of gold and silver. Coral and metal bead bangles were called *Koral Valalu*. Another variety of gold and silver pattered bangles was known as *Kankanaada Valalu*. There were also bangles of ebony inlaid with ivory. There were yet others with black, green, olive and amber beads, also with gold and silver beads. Bangles of ebony overlaid with silver filigree can be seen in the Colombo and Kandy Museums.

A MODERN TAMIL CLASSIC

By I. D. Tangaswami

IN a lecture on "the *Pilgrim's Progress*", a classic was defined as "a product of literature or art, whatever be its date or place of origin, to which we find ourselves continually returning and which we continually find on returning to it, even greater than we had realised it." Judged by this definition, "*Manonmaniyam*", a play in Tamil Verse by the late Rai Bahadur P. Sundaram Pillai of Travancore after the Shakesperian model, does not fall much short of a classic.

Sundaram Pillai was born in Alleppey of a Vellala family in 1855. He was named after his family deity, Somasundara of Madura, as he had been born after a vow made by his parents who had long been childless. His father, who was a cloth merchant well-versed in Tamil religious lore, took particular care to see that the boy acquired in his early years a sound knowlege of Tamil literature, secular and religious. As a result, young Sundaram became a scholar in Tamil while yet in his teens. He graduated with distinction in 1876 from the Maharaja's College, Trivandrum, where he was subsequently employed as Professor of Philosophy. After living a fruitful life mainly as an educationist and an author of rare works in Tamil, he died in 1897 at the very early age of forty-two. At the time of his death, he was a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society and a Member of the Royal Asiatic Society.

The story of the drama, shortly told below, is based upon "*The Secret Way*," one of Lord Lytton's "*Lost Tales of Miletus*."

Under the evil advice of his minister Kudilan, the Pandyan king of Madura, Jeevakan, changes his capital from Madura to Tinnevelly and exposes himself to danger. Sage Sundara, Jeevakan's religious preceptor, discerns the danger and is anxious to avert it. At this time, Jeevakan's only daughter Manonmani, sees in a dream Purushothaman, the *Chera* king of the adjacent kingdom of Travancore; she falls in love with him. Almost simultaneously, Purushothaman dreams of Manonmani and pines for her. The sage suggests the marriage of Manonmani to Purushothaman. But Kudilan plots to marry her to his worthless son and thus secure for his line the sovereignty of the Pandyan kingdom. The sage takes steps to frustrate Kudilan's plot and hastens the construction of an underground passage, which he had already planned for the safety of his king. In the meanwhile, Purushothaman becomes restless in mind, owing to his failure to find his dream-girl in the flesh and seeks to obtain some forgetfulness in war. Kudilan artfully provokes him into a war with Jeevakan. While the war is on, Kudilan persuades his master to consent to Manonmani's marriage with his son, to the great disgust of Sage Sundara and of many others. At the same time, he intrigues with Purushothaman to deliver Jeevakan into his hands for a consideration. But he is hoist with his own petard. Purushothaman binds him with chains and hales him before the Pandyan king just when the ceremony of Manonmani's marriage with his son was about to commence in the subterranean room made by Sage Sundara. To the surprise, mostly agreeable, of those assembled in the room, Manonmani runs into Purushothaman's arms and Purushothaman, finding in her the object of his dream, holds her close. In joy uncontrollable, Jeevakan blesses his daughter, saying, "As a river rushes into the sea, you have rushed into the arms of your destined husband. May you be inseparable from him for the rest of your life, even as brightness is inseparable from a diamond, smell from a flower and meaning from a word."

The most distinctive character in the play is the minister to the Pandyan king. Kudilan is a man of strong will and determi-

nation. He spurns the idea that "there is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." Now and then he is upbraided by his conscience for his nefarious plot against the king. He feels that Jeevakan "has borne his faculties so meek, has been so dear in his great office, that his virtues will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation" of his betrayal. One evening during the battle, while contemplating his sin, Kudilan congratulates himself that he is strong enough in intellect to overcome any obstacle that may be placed in his path by Fate. He then looks up at the sky and laughs at the stars in contempt, addressing them, "Ye purposeless runners on the sky, is not perseverance the maker of a man's fortune?" But ultimately, in the war that Kudilan's intellect wages against Fate, the former goes under. Sage Sundara and his faithful disciples are more than a match for him.

In his preface to the play, the author observes "To the spiritually-inclined, some of the incidents may appear to be capable of allegorical interpretation." But such interpretations are not necessary for the appraisement of the play as a piece of literature.

OUR TRIP TO KASHMIR

[THE VENICE OF INDIA]

By Mrs. N. Dutt

HOW thrilled I was to hear of my chance of seeing this beautiful valley! I had never thought that I should be so fortunate as to see it with my own eyes. My long wished-for dream was going to be fulfilled at last.

With two of my cousins and some others I had been made an executor to the will of a late relative. We three from Calcutta decided to go and meet the others from the U. P. and Punjab, in one of the towns of the latter of which our relation had left her property. We were all going to meet an American gentleman of the Mission at Lahore, who was really in charge of the property and was an executor as well.

One afternoon, as I was thinking over some social problems, one of my co-executors called. His face was beaming with pleasure, and I could see that he had some good news for me.

"Sister, have you heard the good news of our journey to Kashmir?" he asked.

"Delightful, indeed, but I cannot believe it. How did you manage it? I am curious to know how it came about," I said.

"Ah! you may well be curious. The idea first came into the fertile brain of our lawyer-cousin. We were simply joking about it, never thinking it would be possible; but he had heard such thrilling stories of this beautiful valley, that without delay he made plans for our trip. Our plans have just finished, and it seems the trip will be neither very expensive nor the distance very great. We have fixed the date and intend starting by the first week of April. Will that suit you?"

"Yes, I can easily manage the second week of April, but not the first. I am sure Lahore will be quite pleasant then, and we shall not be in the midst of the terrible heat of Punjab", I said.

We three met one day and made the final arrangements for our trip and drew up a programme.

On a bright April night, we started on our memorable journey. Sometime after we had quite comfortably settled down, a retired Behari military man from Chapra came into our compartment. He was a very interesting man. He related some exciting stories regarding his military career from *soldier* to *Subadar*. He was a Government pensioner, and had been invited to attend a function at Quetta. We envied his simplicity, for his only possessions were a brass *lota* (drinking vessel) and a rug in which he carried his dagger and uniform. He was in the

simple garb of a Behari peasant, and though an old man was full of energy and quite big and strong.

On the third morning, we reached our destination and went to a hotel on the Mall road. After breakfast, we finished most of our business with our American friend. Afterwards, all of us had lunch at the hotel restaurant, where it was interesting to watch the various nationalities. Many modernPunjabi young ladies and gentlemen were there just for drink or a chat, but it seemed as if all were busily engaged about something very urgent, and the seriousness of their faces struck us very much. We were charmed to find the women so pleasantly free and independent.

The same night we continued our journey by the Pindi Mail. The compartment was full, but still we had three-forths of it to ourselves, and were quite comfortable, though it was bitterly cold and drizzling. We reached Pindi early in the morning, and went to the waiting-room to get ready for the next stage. It was still drizzling, but the men went out to see about a motor. I met some interesting people at the waiting-room, with whom I had a chat.

Then our memorable and adventurous journey began. We had no idea what dangers were ahead of us. The rain poured heavily on our way up the hills to Muree, which was only 30 miles from Pindi. The road ran between the hills on one side, and the Jhelum on the other side. The air was full of fog, but the shadowy beauty of the snowy range and the muffled gurgling of the river were enchanting. Muree was 6,000 ft., in height, and there were slabs of ice on the road. It was bitterly cold, and the wind was very strong. The way became very bad and dangerous. We decided to stop at Kohala, the first *Dak* bungalow. When we were half a mile from this, however, to our concern we found that another car with two ladies in it was stuck on the road. They could not cross on account of a big tree, which had fallen and was blocking the way. We had to stop as well. We had covered nearly 64 miles, and gone up to the height of 2,000 ft., at Kohala. We walked in the mud and rain to the *Dak* house, leaving our car with the luggage to follow.

The days that followed were awful. The rain did not stop for a minute. There was hail also, and there were fog and mud. There were nearly twenty people at the bungalow, a colonel and his wife, an Australian young man, a Kashmir family with two children, a Gujarati young man, seven European ladies with a little girl, besides three of us.

It was impossible for the *Khansama* to provide good food for such different people. The provisions became less daily, and there was no way to get more, as the road was blocked. There was even a collapse of a part of the house, but the P. W. D. were notified and managed to do some repairs.

At last, on the fourth night, a clear moon cheered us and we hoped for a bright morning. The sunshine next day made us all think of our journey. There were rumours of dangerous roads, but most of the travellers were determined to go on. The colonel with his wife led the way, and the rest followed. Three miles from Kohala, the cars were all held up again and could not proceed. It was drizzling, but still we made merry by taking tea on the road, and the Australian boy and a young woman made themselves busy in helping the coolies to remove the boulders from part of the road. We went back again with two other ladies to our bungalow, but seven cars passed that night and crossed the dangerous portion without any mishap, which surprised us very much.

Next morning, punctually by 9 A. M., we began our journey again, but just after an hour the police stopped us. We were informed that, owing to a wire from the Head Office, they could not allow the passengers to proceed till late that afternoon. We waited for an hour and then induced them to let us go on.

The scenery was enchanting. The beauty of the snowy ranges and the Jhelum flowing by was marvellous indeed. We were stopped every four miles in order to clear the boulders which blocked the way, and to broaden the road for other cars to pass. We crossed the dangerous part of the road on foot, the driver taking the car cautiously over it. At thirty miles from Kohala, we took our tea, and toll was paid.

We had to stop in one place for some time, as there were two cars coming along with four passengers. The road was very dangerous, and the projecting rocks looked as if they would fall down immediately. When at last the cars passed us with great difficulty, one of the men

got down and took snaps of the rocks in their dangerous position. I was amazed to find him so indifferent to the danger of the moment.

It was at 6-30 P. M., that we reached Usi, a small place. There was a *Dak* bungalow there, where we spent the night. We had completed about 60 miles in 9 hours, which however could have been done in two if the road was good. The weather was quite chilly, but we made ourselves comfortable by the fires in our rooms. Usi was about 3,000 feet in height. We started next morning at about 9 A. M., and reached Srinagore at about 11 A. M.

The scenery was splendid when we reached Baramulli, which is thirty miles from Srinagore. The hills began to recede, and the plains with beautiful vegetation came in sight. The gurgling Jhelum became quite calm. The road from Baramulli was quite smooth and plain, and the sides were lined with beautiful poplar trees.

Srinagore city was rather disappointing. It was very crowded and not very clean. We were soon surrounded by boatmen, who were anxious to make us their customers, and pressed us to see their boats. We were early visitors for the season, and it was with difficulty that we extricated ourselves. We rested at a hotel for two hours, and then went out in a *shikari* on the Jhelum to look for our temporary home on the water. These *Shikaris* look a little bit like the *gondolas* of Venice, being nicely decorated with Kashmir centaurs and equipped with cushions. The boatmen began to quarrel with each other as to which house-boat we should engage, and we thought we were in danger of drowning. At last, however, we were allowed to choose a big, nicely-furnished, house-boat, consisting of four bed-rooms, a dining-room, a drawing-room, a pantry, and terraces and verandahs on both sides. A kitchen-boat and a *shikari* were provided for working purposes. We went to our rooms and made ourselves comfortable for a fortnight's stay.

The house-boat was on the other side of a wall-road, and we could see many of the shops. The position, however, was not very conducive to our comfort, so we had our boat removed next day to Chinar Baugh on the Chinarnala, an offshoot of the Jhelum. It took about four hours and eight coolies to move it. Then, it was securely tied near an open space crowded with the famous chinar trees said to have been brought from Persia by Begum Nurjahan.

Our fortnight's stay was mostly spent in sight-seeing. The first trip was to Shalimar garden and Nishar Baugh. We crossed the Dal lake in a prettily decorated *shikari*, and our boat-man and cook arranged cleverly for our lunch and tea. The view was lovely. In the clear water of the lake, we could see some beautiful plants. The gardens were fine with waterfalls and flowers, being built like the terrace-gardens of the Moghul period. There were numberless fruit trees, but unfortunately they were not in bloom, except for the apples and pears, the beautiful white flowers of which were visible everywhere. The day being a Sunday, the gardens were gay with holiday-makers, wearing multi-coloured strange dresses. There was not much difference between the costumes of the Mohammedans and the Hindu Kashmeris, except that the women of the former wore the *Burka*, while the latter had the red mark on their foreheads. It was nice to see them so happy and care-free.

Our next trips were to Walar and Manohobal lake and also to Gandalmal, nearly 30 miles from the city, in our kitchen-boat. The boat-man had arranged everything for our comfort. There was a room for me, where we had our meals as well and another room for the men. The cook gave us nice and fresh meals, and we had no complaint to make. The only thing that we missed was our daily hot-water baths. The boat was securely tied at night in certain places. We did some of our journey by road, while the boat followed us. After passing six bridges on the Jhelum, we saw the houses of the wood-carvers, the embroidery-workers, the *papier-mache* workers and various *masjids* and temples on the banks of the river. We passed many villages and reached places where there were no houses, for there the villagers lived in their boats, and travelled to and from the city in them.

We reached the Walar lake the next morning at about 9 A M., and stopped there for sometime and then went round the town in the small *shikari*. Beautiful corn-flowers and daisies bordered the road-side all along our way. Then we started for the Manohobal lake, and reached it in the evening. It became quite dark soon, and we had to stop there for the night. In the morning, we went round the lake. The scenery all round was beautiful and we climbed the rock on the other side. Our kitchen-boat trip on the water ended by going

to Gandeswal, from where blocks of wood are usually brought for various purposes. The men took a long walk round the place, but I sat near the river on a log of wood and enjoyed the beautiful sights all round. Then we started back and reached our house-boat on the fifth morning.

Our next trip was in a *Tonga* to Drisma Shahi and Nasim Baugh. The former is also a terrace-garden with waterfalls, and a special spring water, which is brought from the hills by pipes, with a tap for the public to drink from. Nasim Baugh is a garden of huge chinar trees, which is often used as camping ground for travellers on Dal lake. During the Mogul period, this had been the garden for the Begums. It is a long stretch of ground and the views of the Dal lake and the hills are beautiful.

Our last trip was to Gulmarg Hill, which is known as the Switzerland of India. It is 30 miles from the city. We reached the foot of the hill by car within an hour. Then there was a three miles climb. We engaged one *Dandy*, and three ponies. The men took the ponies, and I was in the *Dandy*, which was carried by 6 coolies. One cooly took our tiffin basket. As we neared the top, we found slabs of ice on both sides, but the top was one sheet of ice. The cottages and the famous golf links were all covered with ice and nothing could be seen of the whole station. We were taken round on a sledge. We came down and had lunch in a place, which was free from ice and underneath a tree. We reached our boat at about 3 P. M.

On our way back home, the road was quite good and we reached Pindi within 9 hours. The railway journey to Calcutta was very hot and the wind was scorching. We had to use ice all the way. Thus, our thrilling adventurous journey ended and we came back to the hum-drum existence of town life again.

THE VEDDAHS OF CEYLON

By Sheikh Iftekhar Rasool

LIKE Gipsies in India, or, the Coolies in Gujrat, the Bheels in Malwa, the Khoonds in Gundwana, and the Bedas in Mysore, the Veddahs of Ceylon are a mysterious tribe found mostly in the district situated in the north-eastern section of the island, that extends towards the sea, from the base of the Budulla and Oovah hills.

It is incorrect to apply the term 'savages' to harmless outcastes like these, who neither in disposition nor in action exhibit such vices as we are accustomed to associate with that epithet. It is believed that they are a remnant of the Yakkos, the aboriginal inhabitants of Ceylon, who, after the conquest of the island by Wijayo and his followers, retired before the invaders into the wilds of the east and south; whence they never emerged, but, on the contrary, withdrew still deeper into the jungle in order to avoid contact with civilisation.

Here, for upwards of two thousand years, has this remarkable fragment of an ancient race remained almost unaltered as regards customs, language, and pursuits; and it exhibits, at the present day, a living portraiture of the condition of the islanders as described in the *Mahawanso* before the Bengal conquerors had taught them the rudiments of agriculture, and 'rendered Lanka habitable for men.'

In relation to the mass of the Singhalese people, the Veddahs stand in a position similar to that of the scattered tribes, vestiges of the aborigines of India, still lurking in the mountain forests of Hindustan, who for ages have sunk from intercourse with the Aryans, who subjugated, and whose descendants still occupy, the Peninsula.

Two Grand Divisions

The Modern Veddahs live more or less by hunting and the use of the bow, in drawing which they occasionally employ their feet as well as their hands. The 'Rock Veddahs' and the 'Village Veddahs' form the two grand divisions of the tribe, whose respective names serve to indicate faintly the difference in

the amount of civilisation which is found to subsist amongst the members of this wild race. The 'Village Veddahs' approach the confines of the European settlements on the eastern coast, where they cultivate some rude species of grain, and submit to dwell in huts of mud and bark. The 'Rock Veddahs,' remain concealed in the forests, subsisting on roots, fish, honey, and the produce of the chase; lodging in caves, or under the shelter of over-hanging rocks, and sometimes sleeping on stages, which they construct in the trees. In the choice of their food, both classes are most omnivorous, no carrion or vermin being too repulsive for their appetite. They invariably cook their meat on fire, and avow a preference for lizards and roasted monkeys above all other dainties.

A Veddah Priest

The 'Rock Veddahs' are divided into small clans or families associated by relationship, who agree in partitioning the forest among themselves for hunting grounds, the limits of each family's possessions being marked by streams, hills, rocks, or some well-known trees; and these conventional allotments are always honourably recognised and mutually preserved from violation. Each party has a headman, the most energetic senior of the tribe, but who exercises no sort of authority beyond distributing at a particular season the honey captured by the various members of the clan. The produce of the chase they dry and collect for barter, carrying it to the borders of the inhabited country to be exchanged every now and then. Money to them is worthless, but cocoanuts, salt, hatchets, iron, arrow-heads and dyed cloths, or cooking *chattis*, are valuables much in request.

Village girls at the festival of "Dewol-Madoova"

Manners and Customs

Their language, which is limited to a very few words, is a dialect of Singhalese without any admixture from the Sanskrit or Pali—a circumstance indicative of their repugnance to intercourse with strangers.

They have no marriage rites, although they acknowledge the marital obligation and the duty of supporting their own families. Marriages amongst them are settled by the parents of the contracting parties; the father of the bride presents his son-in-law with a bow; his own father assigns him a right of chase in a portion of his hunting grounds; he presents the lady with a cloth and some ornaments; and she follows him into the forest as his wife. The community is too poor to afford polygamy.

They have no knowlegde of God, nor of a future state; no temples, no idols, no altars, prayers, or charms; and, in short, no instinct of worship, except, it is said, some addiction to ceremonies analogous to devil worship, in order to avert storms and lightning; and, when sick, they send for devil-dancers to drive away the evil spirit, which is believed to inflict the disease. The dance is executed in front of an offering of something eatable, placed on a tripod of sticks, the dancer having his head and girdle

decorated with green leaves. At first he shuffles with his feet to a plaintive air, but by degrees he works himself into a state of great excitement and action, accompanied by moans and screams, and during this paroxysm, he professes to be inspired with instruction for the cure of the patient.

So far off are the Veddahs from civilisation, that they do not even bury their dead, but cover them with leaves and brushwood in the jungle. They have no system of caste amongst themselves; but, singular to say, they are regarded by some Singhalese as of the most honourable extraction, and are considered by some as belonging to one of the highest castes. This belief is, however, shared only by a few; by the majority they are recognised as 'outcastes' unworthy of any social intercourse in the least degree.

Making thread out of cotton wool. A cottage industry of the Veddahs.

Some of them earn their living by making bricks

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Grave crimes are seldom committed. In cases of theft, the delinquent, if detected, is forced to make restitution, but, undergoes no punishment. Murder is almost unknown, but when discovered, is compromised for goods, or some other consideration paid to the relatives of the deceased. These people are of gentle disposition, and remarkably attached to their children and relatives. Widows are always supported by the community, and receive their share of all fruits, grain, and produce of the chase.

The Veddahs have no idea of time or distance, no names for hours, days, or years. They have no doctors, and no knowledge of medicine, beyond the practice of applying bark and leaves to a wound. They have no games, no amusements, no music; and as to education it is so utterly unknown, that the rock Veddahs are unable to count beyond five on their own fingers. They are somewhat migratory in their habits, removing their huts, as facilities vary for cultivating a little Indian corn and yams, and occasionally they accept wages in kind for watching the paddy-fields at night, in order to drive away wild elephants. The women plait mats from the palm-leaf, and the men make bows, the strings of which are prepared from the tough bark of the Rittagaha or Upas tree, but beyond these they have no knowledge of any manufacture.

The 'Veddah Ratta'

Formerly the vast tract of forest between the Kandyan mountain and the sea, frequented by these people and known as the 'Veddah Ratta', or 'Country of the Veddah,' was regarded by travellers with apprehension; excited by the exaggerated representation made by the Kandyans as to the savage disposition of the Veddahs, none but armed parties ventured to pass through their fastness. Of late years, this delusion has been entirely dispelled; and travellers now feel themselves as safe in the vicinity of the tribes, as in that of the villages of the Singhalese. They are constantly visited by traders in search of deer's

horns and ivory and the inhabitants of Velassy obtain from their wild neighbours supplies of dried deer's flesh and honey. The Veddahs themselves have in a great degree cast aside their timidity, and not only come out into the open country with confidence, but even venture to come to towns for such commodities as they have the means of purchasing.

Recently, attempts have been made to educate the Veddahs, but with little success. Only the coast people have made some improvement in their condition and comforts. Some of them have now abandoned the sea-shore and accepted patches of land, where cottages have been built, fruit-trees planted, and seed supplied to them for agricultural purposes. Education is making progress; the Wesleyan Missionaries having been active, the great majority have embraced Christianity, and there can be no reasonable doubt, that within a few years the habits of this singular race will be absolutely changed, and their appellation of Veddahs retained only as a traditionary name.

THE PAIN AND EASE OF COMPOSITION

By I. D. Tangaswami

It is generally believed that the most beautiful passages that we come across in first-rate books flowed spontaneously from the pens of their writers. As a rule, it is rarely recognised that the sentences which give us immense pleasure for a few minutes were the outcome in many instances of acute painful exercise of the mind. Here are the experiences of a few authors whose works will flourish for many a year to come.

Joseph Conrad, a Pole by birth, wielded the English language marvellously in fine sea-stories, strong in plot and full of the true salt flavour. But he confesses in one of his personal memoirs that he found the work of composition a sheer agony. He was restless until he had found the right word and the right phrase.

W. W. Jacobs, who threw up a comfortable career in the Civil Service and plunged into the profession of letters at the somewhat advanced age of thirty-six, secured a wide and delighted audience with book after book of frolicsome and delightful humour. His style may well be termed fluent. And yet, according to his own words, he spent a whole morning to get going on his first sentence.

Wordsworth, at least in his later years, suffered acute physical pain while composing verses. He once said in a letter, "My whole form becomes a bundle of uneasiness, a perspiration starts out all over me and my chest is oppressed in a manner I cannot describe."

One notable writer of fiction in modern French literature, whose great mastery of character portrayal and satire has induced a translation of most of his works into English, worked his copy several times with paste and scissors to rearrange sentences and paragraphs. Anatole France frankly owned to going over his work six, seven and eight times before he could get it to his liking.

During the time that A. S. M. Hutchinson wrote his most successful novel *If winter comes*, he shut himself up in painful seclusion. "Worry" he said "makes literary work impossible for me; I cannot write unless I have perfect peace of mind."

Oscar Wilde appeared once at a dinner party with a face indicating that he had passed a very hard day. "What have you been doing?" asked his partner with anxiety. Wilde replied pathetically, "I put in a *comma* this morning, and this afternoon I took it out."

To the *Sage of Chelsea*, writing was nothing short of physical torture. He was infuriated by the least noise, and failure reduced him to despair. His struggle to put

on paper the thoughts that crowded in his brain was something tremendous. "The constant effort to produce perfect prose made him an unhappy irritable man."

Addison is reported by Warton in his *Essay on Pope* to have been so fastidious in composition that he would often stop the press to alter a preposition or conjunction. This report is confirmed by the manuscripts of some of Addison's essays. Sometimes, a sentence from his pen would pass through various stages before its form became satisfactory to him.

One evening when Thackeray was requested by a party to accompany them, he excused himself as he had promised to send some pages to his publishers the next morning. Late in the evening when the party returned, they called on Thackeray, curious to know how far he had progressed. They found the author of the *Vanity Fair* staring blankly at a wall with a sheet in front of him containing only one sentence.

There is no rule but has exceptions. Books have been written by men with no experience of agony, physical or mental. Though many of them are perhaps ephemeral stories that are forgotten as soon as read, some are by men of genius "from whom periods flowed with a swift harmonious movement without hesitation."

It is recorded of Francis Thompson, the author of the *Hound of Heaven*, that he wrote anywhere and everywhere. When he went to his publishers, he would take from his pocket an odd assertment of tram tickets, old bills and similar scraps upon which he had written in the street, on buses and elsewhere, his marvellous word-mosaics.

Stevenson got through his *Dr. Jekyll and Hyde* in seven days, and Arnold Bennett wrote nearly the whole of his master-piece, *The Old wives Tale* without making a single alteration.

But no account of effortless writing can beat what is said of Anthony Trollope, whose *Barchester Tales* of high clerical life give immense pleasure to the reading public. Sitting down at his desk with a watch before him, he steadily produced two hundred and fifty words every fifteen minutes!

OUR ROYAL BIRD-LOVERS

By Eric Hardy, F.Z.S.

THESE are the days when people watch and protect birds because they like birds and their company, not because it is fashionable to do so as in Victorian times, when people had cases of stuffed birds in their drawing-rooms, because it was the fashion to belong to a sort of dusty natural history society that dwelt in dusty cabinets and museums. The growing interest in bird-life in recent years is one that knows no barrier of class or creed; it is one that encompasses royalty, as much as it includes the humblest schoolboy-naturalist, boy-scout, guide or workman. His late Majesty, King George V, and Queen Mary can be numbered in the great and growing ranks of bird-lovers.

Some years ago, at King George V's express pleasure, the royal gardens and grounds of Buckingham Palace were turned into wild-bird sanctuaries, the first King's palace in the world to become so and this gracious act echoed the spirit of the people, for, wherever you go in London or any city in Britain, you will now see little bird-tables, bird-baths, nesting-boxes and other attractions, adorning the lawns and gardens far from the country-side. Nurserymen and craftsmen have indeed experienced a mild boom in garden bird-equipment.

It was at the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds in

1932 that Earl Buxton first announced His Majesty's intention and since then the efforts to encourage birds have proved entirely successful, for there are a number of small ponds and on these the *mallard* nest. And more than one courageous mother-bird has wandered from Buckingham Palace across the roadway and through the traffic, followed by a procession of ducklings, in search of a change of abode, as all ducks will do when the need for privacy and sanctuary during the hatching of the eggs is over. More than twenty sorts of birds have been seen at various times in the royal bird-sanctuary. *Starlings* compete with the *house-sparrows* for food, and sometimes in winter a *greenfinch*, or a *chaffinch*, perhaps even in frosty weather a stray *redbreast*, hob-nob with the sparrows for food and not infrequently a passing *thrush* calls in. But this is not so very surprising, in that 126 species of birds have been recorded in an area 2½ miles due north and south of Charing Cross and four miles due East and West of that point, and of these twenty nest regularly, eight have been known to nest during the present century, and of the remainder twenty are regular and seventy-seven occasional visitors.

On one occasion, one of the *cormorants* that nest on the island of the lake in St. James' Park took a picturesque flight over the sanctuary at Buckingham Palace, continuing over Whitehall and Pall Mall. And perhaps it was the same adventurous bird that later perched on the cross of the dome of St. Paul's ! Odd pairs of *blue-tits* roam through the palace gardens, chiefly in the winter months, when *wood-pigeons* sometimes are seen flying over the Palace on their way to and from the nearby parks. Very occasionally in winter, the *kingfisher* pays a fleeting visit to the ponds at Buckingham Palace : but Tennyson's "*sea-blue bird of March*" has also been seen at St. James' Park, a visitor from its haunts on the river above Putney and on other park waters too, but these visitors are usually solitary and their stay brief. Another visitor to the royal sanctuary is the little pied *wagtail* or water-wagtail of the hill-streams, a dainty black, white and grey bird with a long tail ever wagging up and down as if hung on tremulous springs. In addition to the parks, I have records that this delightful little creature was a winter-visitor at Regent's Park and Downing street. There are birds of the waterside at the royal sanctuary gardens, who spend their time during their visits busily catching flies and gnats ; but the ponds themselves have many interesting nesters, including *moorhens*. The first time, I believe, that the little *grebe* or *dabchick* nested on the ponds in the grounds of Buckingham Palace occurred in 1932, when a pair of these pretty chestnut-throated divers arrived, presumably from St. James' Park. One of the moorhens that year built its nest at the top of a holly bush, nearly fourteen feet high, instead of at the usual place beside the water. No doubt the King's bird sanctuary owes many of its bird visitors to St. James' Park, where some fifty species of bird have been recorded. But it was too much of a journey for the *hoopoe* that stayed a week on the edge of London this spring to visit the King of England, as its ancestors according to legend, visited King Solomon and received a crown of gold !

Some folk seem to forget that Kings and Queens are very human after all, and there is really no surprise in a King owning his own birds' sanctuary in his palace gardens. History shows many royal bird-lovers and the world is not deplete of them today. Birds are such fascinating creatures that even Kings cannot escape the hypnotism of their charm ! One of the most interesting delegates at the recent world bird-conference at Oxford was Ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, a Life Member of the British Ornithologists' Union and a scientific authority on bird-life. King Ferdinand, I believe, was the only ornithologist present at the recent conference, who also attended the first International Ornithological Congress at Vienna just fifty years ago. Though

he has lost his throne, the old king has not lost his interest in birds, and when, at the close of the recent conference, the delegates visited the only fully-working British bird observatory, on Shokholm Island off the rocky South Wales coast, he accompanied them, and with the aid of a servant climbed the steep rocks as enthusiastically as anyone else, his binoculars hanging round his neck ready for immediate use, should anything uncommon appear. Queen Victoria was a bird-lover and had a small aviary at Buckingham Palace. In his will, the 13th Lord Derby, first President of the London Zoo, offered the Queen first choice of his famous collection at Knousley Park, and she chose the *Impeyan Pheasants*, the first pair ever brought to Europe.

There are other royal bird-lovers. Her Highness the Ranee Margaret of Sarawak, Vice-President of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, is widely known for her love for, and work for, birds. The late King of the Belgians was keenly interested in birds and took great interest in the experiment to establish the British red *grouse* in Belgium, an experiment that proved very successful; and his son shares his interest. The great Parc National Albert in the Belgian Congo, is a lasting memory to the heroic King, who thus saved the empire's rare birds and beasts as well as its subjects from extinction.

CURRENT COMMENTS

1. *Their Majesties the King and Queen.*

The Coronation of their Majesties last month has been the occasion of bringing to them the good wishes of the whole world, not the least of which come from the hearts of the women of India. This world-wide event has ushered in a new era of co-operation and goodwill between nations, peoples and empires, and may it be a glad inauguration of the modern times of world-peace and world-concord! A whole is made up of units; and the whole cannot be a grand whole, unless the units are healthy and happy. Happy people make a blessed empire; and may the new reign be the augury for the well-being of all races concerned!

We welcome the gracious rule of H. M. Queen Elizabeth. Gentle and kind-hearted, kind and unselfish, yet dignified and queenly, she has always been, even before she was a queen; and we realise that the influence will be great in the empire of her strength and beauty of character. Her Majesty, Queen Mary, has always been dear to us; and we welcome the fact that she will still be behind the throne, and exercise her usual happy personality in her own sphere. Queen Elizabeth, not only following in her footsteps, but advancing further in her younger life, will but endear herself the more to the women of India.

We accord our welcome to the two small princesses, and feel sure that they will make the Empire the more blessed and beautiful for their presence.

2. *The Progress of Women.*

I shall always maintain that the modern progress of women is not satisfactory, and cannot be so, unless certain ideals are maintained, which are now not much in evidence. The *Hindu* affirms that the education of women in India is an example of the fact that it is as difficult for individuals as for nations to profit from the experience of others. Is this not true? Is there not generally the pernicious desire to imitate blindly an example, if it appears desirable, the very completeness of which may cut at any benefit, which may be had thereby, if discretion is observed? Take for instance the great inclination on the part of Indians to follow Western education. Yet, as Prof. Ernest Barker is said to have observed in his remarks in *the Fortnightly*, about "*Changing Oxford*," the modern progress of women in the West has not enriched national life as much as it should have done: for here also, there is too much of a tendency to copy: the female blindly aping the male. " As I see the matter, the women have effected the men, and the University at large, far less than they have been affected by them,

The women's colleges have become copies (too faithful copies, I cannot but feel) of the men's colleges: the women's curriculum is simply that of men."

This aping of men by women augurs rather a low mentality on the part of women, to my mind. Why should women imitate men, and not men women? The answer must be that this is so, because of the inferiority complex of women. They feel that they are less than men. In costume, in manners, in conduct, in sports, in work, in ideals, they are trying to be copies of men. They are deliberately giving up the ideals of womanhood. Many are renouncing domestic life—the old loving attachment between husband and wife is at a discount now; the personal care bestowed of old on the training of children is discouraged, and they are left in the hands of trainers and teachers; the old beautiful traits of womanhood, of tenderness, kindness, of sentiment, are being lost sight of. And what is the result? Not a world of women-men, I hope.

Yet, does the cure lie in a different education to women than to men, as the *Hindu* seems inclined to think? Does it consist in the establishment of women's schools and colleges and women's universities, to follow the lines of their own? I wonder. Somehow, I do not think the solution will lie in that; for, why should not women learn all the things that men are instructed in, *if they so wish to*?

The education given to men will admittedly comprehend all the true principles of education. The aims and objects and morals of life are the same for every one. Why then deny it to women? Why should not women be taught to explore in science, in mathematics and in other abstract subjects? Why should they be educated only in domestic subjects more or less? It is not in education that the difference should lie, I think; but in the training and discipline of ideals imparted. Women should be encouraged and taught to honour the ideals of womanhood. But, instead of that, what is being done? Actually, encouragement of whatever women want, even when they incline to absurdity in their men-imitation. If they put on the costume of men—fine! If they adopt the habits and the swear-words of men—splendid! If they take to all mannish sports — beautiful! Why should women be limited in any way, we are asked. *The Press* is all for such encouragement. Why? Let us hope it is not for the sake of popularity!

The idea, I suggest, will be, not to encourage women in their aping of men, but steadily to keep their eyes, their ears and their thoughts, turned to the beauty of womanhood, and to insist that this is as great, as wonderful and as admirable as the splendour of manhood. And this can be done by the home and the public; even while it can also be accomplished at school and at college; but not by difference of training given, as far as subjects of study are concerned. If necessary, there should be difference of education in vocation and employment. I think many people will agree with me. There seems to be an apt comparison between different kinds of education and different religions. Everybody worships the same God, but through different channels. Everybody therefore should learn all the principles of education, but learn to apply them in various methods. This being so, is it not somewhat right that the Cousultative Committee of the Board of Education in England should have affirmed: "As psychological study develops and as statistical enquiries and data are multiplied, it may be possible to attain some tangible and valid conclusions. In the meantime it is the part of wisdom neither to assume differences nor to postulate identity, but to leave the field free for both to show themselves. It would be fatal at the present juncture to prescribe one curriculum for boys and another for girls."

At the same time, conclusions in education should not be arrived at in India, just because the West has got them! We should teach ourselves to be independent in our ideals and aims.

3. *Women in the Elections.*

It is gratifying to note that many women have been put into the new legislatures. There should be no doubt much disappointment that larger numbers have not been recruited; that *reserved* seats had to be accepted, in spite of the fact that many organisations did not wish to take the favour of such reservations; that the community system has been adopted, which has all along been against the policy of enlightened Indian women; and that even among those elected and nominated very often the best candidates and the most natural leaders for merit and accomplishment of political and social service were not chosen. Yet, at the same time, let us take courage that some merit has at last been recognised both by Government and by

the public. And let us give up party politics and prefer the real principles of political life, which are to render true service of every kind to the country. To right wrongs of all kinds especially among our poverty-stricken sisters; "to bring in social legislation, to remove the existing disabilities under which women and children suffer"; to war against "ignorance, illiteracy, degrading customs, laws that do not give justice"; to work hand-in-hand with men for the common good of India—such must be the object of women henceforth, regardless of caste, creed, community, custom and country; and last, but not least, to remove the prejudices of men against women and make them really respect and honour them. Let it not be forgotten that there are many men who still consider it not worth while to take women into their confidence and co-operation in councils and assemblies. In Ceylon for instance, although adult franchise was extended in all elections, there were those who said, "By women taking part in politics in European countries, their morals have degenerated."

It is for women therefore to go forward, undaunted and clear-headed, and prove the truth of the dictum laid down by one of India's women delegates to a National Conference: "Indian women are now taking a greater *interest* in the welfare of the country and are invading many spheres of activity, which hitherto had been the monopoly of men."

Interest can be of many kinds—real and practical, posed and forced. Let that of our women be of the first kind.

4. *Women and Men.*

I was very amused and interested to see in *The Treasure Chest,* some prize essays from boys, in which various opinions were expressed about equality between men and women. The *Editor* of the paper has remarked that no essays were received at all from girls, which she hoped did not mean that Indian girls were not anxious to secure equal rights!

Anyhow, it is rather refreshing to hear the views of youth on the subject. Those, who were absolutely against equality, advanced their reasons, which were according to one boy that it was against the Divine scheme of order, and that, "do what she can, woman can never imitate man. Their spheres of action are distinct and different." Another boy has the grace to say that it is to protect the weakness of woman that the inequality of labour between men and women is necessary. Too much brain-fag for women, he avers, will spoil her health and the health of the next generation. Yet, he spoils this solicitude for women by saying that woman was meant only to bear healthy children. Besides, if too independent, she will never do her duty well and every-day life for men will be too full of worries and jealousies! "I don't mean that they neglect sewing, cooking or other things which they ought not to neglect, but they do not obey their husbands. They often do not try to make a cheerful home when their husbands come back from their work. They wish to have saree-clips and things of that kind and this is a worry to the husbands." Poor husbands!

Secondly, equality is against the Hindu *Shastras.* "In India, a woman is ordinarily expected to live a family life and although the Hindu *Shastras* are loud in proclaiming that women must be honoured and adored—'Where women are honoured, there the gods are pleased and where they are not honoured no sacred rites yield reward'—yet the same *Shastras* are emphatic in saying that a woman must never be independent. In childhood she must be subject to her father, in youth to her husband, and when her husband dies, to her sons." This youth actually thinks that most Indian women are happily bearing their dependent yoke; and that the cry for freedom in foreign countries is based on sensuality. He prays that India may be saved from the "sickening and disgusting influence" of the reformers, who by their cry for "the new-fangled liberty" of Indian women, are apt to break India's ancient ideals and bring her woe!

These two critical youths do, however, pay honour to some great women, but say that they were only exceptional, besides being quite exemplary in their close attention to domestic duties.

We are glad, however, that there are some boys, who like to treat women more as equals. The quick and vast spread of education, the usefulness which women have shown in many professions, their activity as nurses and doctors in wars and yet the preservation of their soft and gentle hearts, entitle them to as many rights as possible. "Hard and tedious work they cannot do as nicely as men. Besides they have always the care of their children at home.

They are more fitted for home than outside work. They may do the outside work as efficiently as men, but it is not natural. Caring for a good husband and happy children is the best work for the women of India." One boy does admit that women are strong in endurance; and that some women are stronger physically than men. Moreover, men give in to many temptations, even as women do. "The two sexes are parents of society and as such should be given equal rights." As the "trainers of children," as "the fountains of strength and inspiration," women deserve more than they are getting. If opportunities are given to them, they are sure to prove their worth, as so many great women have done, like some queens of England, some women rulers of India, Pandita Ramabai &c.

"Little straws show the way the wind blows" says the proverb. Some of our Indian boys are proving "chips of the old block," in their dislike to the advance of women! The pity of it is that so many of them are being married so young, even sometimes when they are students and have not started on work for themselves. The parents undertake the responsibilities of the new families thus formed, and are undermining the strength of character of their young ones, making them lazy, inefficient, fond of pleasure and luxury and careless of duties. The excuse is that the youths are kept off temptation, especially when they go to foreign countries. But is this right? The correct way to keep off temptation is to go into it and fight it, not to keep away from it!

The women of India cannot indeed progress far, unless their growing boys are taught really to respect their rights, instead of being allowed to look after their own masculine interests.

5. *Indian Women & Science*

We are glad to hear from *The Modern Review* of the interest of Indian women in science.

"With the progress of education in our country, Indian women are gradually getting themselves interested in science, as will be evident from their researches. The following papers were read at the last session (twenty fourth) of the Indian Science Congress, held in the first week of January last in Hyderabad (Deccan):

IN THE SECTION OF AGRICULTURE

1. The inheritance of habit in *Saccharum spontaneum L.* By Dr. E. K. Janaki Ammal.

2. Tetrasomic inheritance in *Saccharum Officinarum*, and *Saccharum spontaneum hybrid.* By Dr. E. K. Janaki Ammal of Coimbatore.

IN THE SECTION OF BOTANY

1. Value of the study of *epidermal* character of the leaf and fruit skin in the identification of mango varieties. By Miss R. Shah of Sabour.

2. *Chromosome* studies in *Saccharum arundinaceum L.* By Dr. E. K. Janaki Ammal of Coimbatore.

IN THE SECTION OF ANTHROPOLOGY

1. Women and social progress in India. By Miss Thakur Dass of Lucknow.

IN THE SECTION OF PSYCHOLOGY

1. Child Psychology—play instinct. Rhythm in education. Psychological aspect. Sublimation. By Miss S. Ghosh of Mayurbhanj.

IN THE SECTION OF CHEMISTRY

1. Viscosity of *thorium molybdate gels* during formation. By Mata Prosad and Miss Rathnama of Bombay.

2. Aqueous solutions of *sodium aluminate.* By S. M. Meta and Miss Olive Joseph of Bombay.

3. The melting points of mixtures of *boric acid and hydroxylic* substances. By S. M. Mehta and Miss. K. V. Kantaka of Bombay.

4. Studies in geometrical *isomerism*, Part V. The action of *diethylaniline* on *L-bromo-stearic acid and its methyl ester.* By Miss P. Devi and P. Ramaswami Ayyar of Bangalore.

5. Studies in geometrical *isomerism*, Part VI. The action of bases on *L-bromo-eicosanic acid.* By Miss P. Devi and P. Ramaswami Ayyar of Bangalore.

6. Synthesis of *4-methyl-6-acetyl-8-acetyl-8-ethyl-7-hydroxy-coumarin.* By Miss Indu Ghate of Poona.

7. Essential oil from *Spheranthus Indicus.* By Miss Mary Mathen and B. S. Rao of Bangalore.

We shall be glad if more ladies take keen interest in science and do research work in their respective spheres. We hope the Government will encourage those ladies by offering scholarships, stipends, etc., in the future."

6. Women and Councils.

We are very happy to hear that The Tinnevelly Diocesan Council of the Christian Church has thought it fit to allow women to be electors of the Pastorate Committees and members of it, as well as electors of representatives to the Council and representatives of it. This step shows the honour and respect in which Christian women are held in Tinnevelly, and is a worthy gesture on the part of followers of Christianity, which has ever been so foremost in advocating privileges for women.

7. The French India Resolution.

We are glad to learn that the French India Assembly, which lately met at Pondicherry, has actually passed a resolution fixing the marriageable ages of boys and girls at 18 and 14 respectively. This being also prescribed in the Sarda Act, it will not now be possible for Hindus to try to evade the law in this respect by using French ground. We hear that as many as hundred unlawful marriages have been performed every year in this way; but now that is not possible. We congratulate the French on this step and ourselves too as being benefited by it.

8. The Late Mr. V. N. Menon.

It is with regret that we announce the sad and sudden death of Mr. Vellakkal Narayana Menon, the talented Editor of the "Lakshmi Bayi", the Malayalam Ladies' Magazine, published from Trichur, in the Cochin State. Mr. Menon started the Magazine 32 years ago and he has been conducting it with a great deal of success, in spite of financial difficulties. The late Mr. Menon belonged to a respectable Nair family in Trichur and was a good Malayalam writer and his death is a great loss to the Malayalam literary world.

This Ladies' Magazine will hereafter be conducted by his brother, Mr. Vellakkal Krishna Menon, who was practically conducting it during the last few years.

We wish the Journal all success under the new Editor.

9. Indian Women in England.

As *Moderna* reports in the *Hindu*, the special number of the *Bulletin of the Indian Women's movement* in England congratulates Indian women on their enterprise in the recent election campaign; and Miss Wilkinson, M. P. writes:

"Despite the fact that the demands of organised women were not fully granted, I believe it to be a splendid augury for the future that they have taken these, their first elections, so seriously, and have polled such a high percentage of those who are eligible to vote. They have led the English women—women of all the countries of the world—by the fact that they have more women in the Indian legislatures than in any other legislature in the world. From the splendid women I met when I was in India, I know that they will pull their weight, and I feel sure that their work in India will make the country proud of them."

A SMILE

A smile is quite a funny thing;
It wrinkles up your face,
And when it's gone, you never find
Its secret hiding-place.

But far more wonderful it is
To see what smiles can do;
You smile at one, he smiles at you,
And so one smile makes two.

He smiles at someone, since you smiled,
And then that one smiles back,
And that one smiles, until in truth
You fail in keeping track.

And, since a smile can do great good,
By cheering hearts of care,
Let's smile and smile, and not forget
That smiles go everywhere!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

—From *The Treasure Chest*

DOCTORS—GOD BLESS THEM!

I TOSS about in my bed from side to side, trying to find relief from the harrowing pain that afflicts my body—pillows, cushions, hot-water bottles around me, pills, dozes and the bitterest of mixtures inside me. But what use are they? There is nothing but tossing and rolling and kicking for me. Doctors and nurses belie their calling and fail to diagnose my case. Verily, a worse pack of quacks and humbugs walk not upon the earth. Here I lie in a veritable inferno, weeping and gnashing my teeth, and all they do is prescribe some worthless medicines, and leave "the indigestion, to pursue its course." *Doctors* indeed. God bless them!

I leave my bed and wander about, seeking respite for my sufferings, but the stabs of pain continue till I am almost exhausted. I live immeasurable eternities in the depths of misery.

The hours advance—and so does my pain. One sensible soul realizes that something must be done. There are hurried conversations on the *Phone*, hasty appointments and bookings and in due time I am rushed to the Hospital, though not at all in a hopeful frame of mind, for my faith in things medical is at zero.

The wide gates of the hospital swing open, creaking on their hinges, and close in upon me as I enter, something whispers, to my doom.

A doctor is ready for me, and I am examined without delay. Scarcely ten minutes pass and the doctor arrives at a decision; he looks very resolute. A friend gently breaks the news to me. *Acute Appendicitis...An operation...to be done immediately!*

"Good Heavens!" I cry, and tremble violently. What then was all that talk of indigestion and over-exertion? Why all those nasty pills and medicines? A thousand thoughts rush into my mind, horrible doubts and questionings. Am I again to be a plaything in the hands of dupes and pretenders? What havoc will they work on me now? Have I not suffered, and do I not still undergo the acutest of pains that they want to plant knives and other instruments in me? And there will be that awful chloroform to begin with......I search wildly for a loophole of escape. I appeal to my friends. Surely my parents have to be informed, they have a voice in the matter just as much as anybody else! No! the doctors won't hear of it; they are adamant. Operate they will and straightaway.

I try to raise my voice, but a sharp stab of pain shoots up my right side, and I can scarce suppress a moan; the old pain is there, as alive and poignant as ever. My spirit is broken. I consent to the operation and then prepare myself—for the end.

I move like one in a dream: I find myself being wheeled into the marbled operating theatre: a peculiar antiseptic odour assails my nostrils, cold white tables, with bottles full of blue lotion, greet my eyes. A whole host of swathed and muffled figures come noiselessly into the room—a startling sight! They remind me of a troop of Egyptian mummies come to life. Pale and ghost-like, they flit about the room, getting things ready. A creepy sensation comes over me, then passes.

The swathed figures come round me, and eye me with curiosity, and it is apparent I am deemed a good specimen. My mind harks back to my fellow-students of the Botany Department, and all their precious talk of microscopic slides and sections. Has it come to this? O tempora, O mores! I start upon a train of thought that carries me far and wide. I think of my poor parents far away, blissfully ignorant of the fate that threatens their child. I think of my kith and kin, and the old friends of my childhood. My mind runs on my funeral, the sorrow and the grief, the stately service, Beethoven on the organ.........

My train of thought is suddenly disturbed, for I hear from the far side of the room echoes of "chloroform" (dread suffocating substance) and "spinal anæsthesia." I prick up my ears. Spinal anæsthesia? What an alternative to chloroform! As a little child, I had heard of its wonderful properties, had heard of the man who attempted to perform his own operation, though successful or not I don't remember. The idea takes more and more hold of me. *I would see my own operation*—I would see the thing and die. Horrible but fascinating idea! The spirit of adventure and experiment masters me, and I make bold to ask the chief surgeon whether I might have the spinal injection. I would be terribly good; I would not utter a

word ; I was sure I could bear it. The chief surgeon shirks and consents. "Spinal it shall be!" I feel like a criminal who on the eve of his execution has his last wish granted him. There is some stir, and I see the anæsthetist (for such I make him out) approach me, armed with his instruments. My heart gives one bound, and I nerve myself for the coming fray. I am asked to turn on my side, and with throbbing heart I grip the sides of the cold table... and, *Jack Robinson*...the injection is over. I heave a sigh of relief and bless the man for being so quick about things, and curiously too I have hardly any sense of pain. The anæsthetist congratulates me on my goodness.

Time passes. I am told the injection will take effect in a few minutes, but already the pain in my side seems to have disappeared. The nurses leave my side for some minutes, and return with a screen-like structure. What is this ? I begin to suspect foul play. How dare they ? The chief surgeon had ...almost promised...had made me understand...my great wish...see the operation..." The chief surgeon himself (why on earth does he smile ?) comes up and helps to fix the screen across me! Grim silence prevails.

The doctors and nurses crowd round me, and I greet them with impolite stares. What grotesque appearances they present, these Lazaruses from the grave! Only now can I fully sympathise with the little child who howled with terror on her entrance into the operating theatre. No wonder! I begin to entertain a strong suspicion that the whole thing is done on purpose. Perhaps, these are the men set apart to prepare us for the world of spirits, the professional ushers into the next world ?......The glare from the brilliant light above the operating table oppresses me, and I ask the anæsthetist for water. He gives me sips of glucose water and carries on a conversation with me. Then suddenly I begin to wonder why the operation has not commenced yet. Why don't they begin quickly and put an end to the whole thing ? I grow restless, more and more so, and the chief surgeon lifts his head and looks up at me. Ah! I feel the time for action has come at last. There is tense silence. My heart beats fast, and every minute I expect, yet dread to feel, the dull impact of the surgeon's knife on my tender body. What will it be like ? I wait and wait breathlessly...no pressure yet...The suspense begins to tell on me and I grow impatient and irritable. Why *are* they delaying ? Have they made a mistake ? Discovered something else ? I summon up courage and question the anæsthetist who is nearest me. He smirks, grins in fact, thinks a moment, and gives me the biggest shock of my life—" It's all right; don't worry. *We're half way through*!" I stop dead. I feel astonished, dumb-founded, overwhelmed. I scarce believe my ears. What does the man mean ? Surely it cannot be true. Never in my wildest dreams have I ever conceived a thing like this... Then my imagination starts working, and I see a hundred different things; vivid pictures rise up in my mind—some of them terrible ; I am haunted by a vision of—, and for an instant I have a passionate longing to tear aside the covering screen to *see*! I check myself in time and the mad impulse fades away. All sorts of questions then come crowding into my mind—when did they begin ? What have they found ? What are they doing now ? Is everything coming right after all ? and tense moments of silence pass by, as I try to find answers to my questions and get accustomed to the new state of affairs. Indeed, there are more things in earth or heaven than were dreamt of in my philosophy; —A few hours ago I lay in the grips of the most terrible pain ever conceived, with a yawning grave before me, and now after a painless operation—recovery !

Then with overwhelming force comes the thought of the doctor before me, the man who had rushed to my help and succeeded in saving my life, and whom in return I had called all the evil names in the world. Perfect fool that I was—what had I said ? What had I *not* said! What reparation could I make now ? How wipe out the past ?

The change takes place, and I lie taking back all the unkind and uncharitable things I said; I beg pardon for all my evil thoughts a thousand times. The chief surgeon now commands my highest admiration, and the others in the room (including even the once-detested brilliant assistant who exclaimed not too softly during the operation, "Good Heavens! we're just in time") become my friends. The medical profession rises by leaps and bounds in my estimation, and I make solemn promises to uphold the cause of all doctors as long as I live; never, I declare, will I question a doctor's authority again.

I am told the operation is over, and I soon find myself being lifted from the operating table and put on a soft bed. My benefactors look kindly down at me, and. I thank them warmly for all their kindness and help, and breathe from the depths of my heart, a sincere and fervent *God bless them.* I then am gently wheeled out of the white-walled operating theatre, the scene of all my woe and all my joy.

—*Experienced*

AN ESCAPADE

IT was some ten years ago, I think, during a Xmas vacation, that my friend invited me to spend the holidays with her at Madras. We both had our employments, but invariably we used to be together for all vacations either at her home or mine. She was a married woman even then, while I was a free agent. Her husband had written to her about the impossibility of his leaving his place for the holidays and hence she was all the more eager that I should go to her. We used to have our own original methods of holiday-spending and this time quite a novel idea struck me. I hastened to the metropolis as soon as I could and opened out my plans to my friend. She fell in with them without any protest whatever. The idea was this—that we should spend our days somewhere in Northern India and that our tour should be *incognito.* What disguise we should adopt was the next point that came-up. She suggested our taking up a costume of the women of those parts, but I vetoed that; to travel in a woman's garb would be inviting some unwelcome notice and attention. We both were young—on the wrong side of our twenties—and not unattractive either! Surely those are never assets if we undertake to roam about. My idea was to disguise ourselves as men and adopt the garb of pilgrims. It is a very common apparel adopted both by saints and hypocrites and, provided we were content to belong to the latter of the category, it was the safest under the circumstances. My friend having ratified my proposal, we fell to our job in practical earnest. We prepared two long gowns (reaching from top to toe) and coloured them an orange hue. Having tried them on, we found them to be perfect. Our long tresses we hid under a grave-looking turban of the same sombre shade. We had not much time at our disposal and, on that selfsame day at a dead hour of night, we proceeded on our venture.

Curiously self-conscious we both were, when we reached the station. Though we tried our utmost to appear calm and unconcerned, each could see in the other an expression of nervous tension. A mere passing glance of a passer-by would make us feel that he had penetrated our guise. But, in spite of everything, we were enjoying the joke to our hearts' content. We fixed our destination as Benares. Our ambition at first was to go to the Himalayan foot, but on account of the too short time at our disposal, we had to set it aside. During Xmas holidays, return tickets were available and we bought them for us both. We had only a few loose coins with us and no luggage or any other requisites. It was our intention to act the pilgrim to perfection. To feel that we were not encumbered by any appendages—I mean male escorts, without whom no decent woman undertook a long journey in those days—was a source of immense relief. Else, they would monopolise the whole situation (as they have done from the beginning of the world,and as they will till the end if we do not rebel!) and our position would invariably fall down to that of lifeless puppets led by leading strings! To be free from that indignity even for the space of a short time was to me something of an achievement.

We travelled on, chatting merrily and critically, tearing to pieces all that befell our eye. Our journey was pleasant. As time

wore on, we grew more and more confident of ourselves, finding that our guise was so perfect as to pass the scrutiny of many a piercing eye. The one serious difficulty that confronted us was our ignorance of the language. We had not calculated upon that point when we prepared for our advent. I had some time back crammed the first two primers of Hindi in a mood of enthusiastic national spirit and I racked my brains to pick out words to make use of at this opportune hour. I could read well, but that was no help. The colloquial dialect was a foreign tongue to me, but I hid my fears and calmed my friend saying that I could manage somehow. To damp the glow of our venture, however, at the very outset was somewhat disconcerting.

The journey took us a longer time than we had expected. When we reached our destined end, we found ourselves two penniless youngsters, well-nigh exhausted physically, but undaunted within. Pilgrims there were many and among them we were delighted to find one from our own place. Of course he was a stranger to us, but we soon got acquainted and from him we were able to learn to our relief that the Temple *Chatram* afforded free food and lodging to all pilgrims. Our acquaintance was an old man and he had come to the place more than once.

Thanking our lucky stars at the precious find chance had brought to us, we accompanied him. We both were just aching to have a good rest and, full of that expectancy, we hurried along. A mile or so we walked and then our guide stopped. He had taken us to a bathing-place. It is customary in our places to take a bath before entering the precincts of any temple. He asked us whether it would not be better to have our bath first, as it would be refreshing alike to body and mind. I told him that we were too tired and would have it later. My refusal excited some suspicion in him—a suspicion not pertaining to our real identity but about our piety and our right to the garb we had put on. Our youngish faces may have added to his suspicions. Anyway, there was no help for it. Our friend took an hour for his bath and devotions and we both sat down by the roadside awaiting him. His bath over, he led us to the *Chatram*. It was almost dusk then and we were glad to take advantage of it. We took our food soon after and snugly prepared to have a quiet repose, of which we stood very badly in need. We took ourselves to a nook of the hall and barely had our bodies touched the mat, than we fell to deep undisturbed slumber. I do not think that I have ever before or after enjoyed such sweet sleep as that.

The sun was well up when we both woke up. Our morning ablutions over, we undertook to chalk out the day's programme. Our sound rest of the night before had reinforced us with full energy and we felt quite up to anything. We decided to have a thorough look at that famous town of Hindustan and postponed our visit to the temple for the twilight hour. Out of sheer physical exhaustion, I had not admired the sights presented to us on our way the day before.

My friend is something of a musician. She had studied the art in her younger days and we decided to make the best use of that accomplishment. I bought a pair of cymbals and thus equipped, we began our march. To house after house we went. She sang sweet tunes and I chimed the cymbals in accompaniment. Our audience seemed to appreciate our songs much, perhaps because the language was something foreign and ununderstandable to them. That which goes beyond the comprehension holds some fascination of the mysterious to the human heart. The remuneration we got far exceeded my expectations. After a time, my friend complained of being tired and I undertook her part. I had no claims to her art and I knew only some scraps of certain vernacular drama songs. Because the technique of music was wholly foreign to me, I was able to give vent to my songs with all

the freedom of originality. I sang them all with great gusto, filling up the unremembered blanks with whatever words came to my mouth. My friend was viewing me through the corners of her eye now and then, as if she could not well stand the ruthless murder of a sacred art. I wondered whether she would cry out something against me and let the cat out of the bag. Luckily, she did not.

When we got into the street, we both gave vent to peals of uncontrollable laughter. Our adventure for the day was ended and we congratulated ourselves on the grand success of our enterprise. 'If some one at home could see us now!' my friend chuckled. 'They would get the shock of their lives, won't they?' I answered back. Brought up in an atmosphere of strict conservatism and taught to observe all the rigid rules of orthodoxy from childhood onwards, it was strange that we should have been thus transformed into ultra-revolutionaries and out-and-out rebels, wandering through the streets like homeless wanton women. But, the spirit of adventure overbalanced all the finer sentiments in us, or rather, we were undergoing a reaction of our former rigid seclusion.

When we reached the *Chatram*, my friend complained of a severe headache and went to bed instantly. By night, her headache had developed into fever and my anxiety knew no bounds. The cold climate of the place, coupled with the day's mad venture, had had their effect upon her, unused as she was to rough modes of living. Mine was a tougher constitution, able to withstand all the wear and tear of life. Throughout the night, I watched by her side. She was in a high raging fever and almost unconscious too. God alone knows the torture of mental agony I underwent that day. I fully repented of our hazardous undertaking and prayed long and fervently for my friend's speedy recovery. With dawn, her fever abated a bit. It was a tough job for me to ward off the generous yet unwanted solicitations of others around me. To keep up our disguise against all odds was the foremost point of tension. By evening, the fever had caught hold of her again. But it was not so keen as on the day previous. The next morning she asked me whether it would not be better if we returned home. I assented and with her leaning on my arm, we slowly wended our way to the station.

Little had we thought when we began our journey that our return would be in such a sorry plight. We had not been able to have a view of the famous temple even, sad luck! But the one day's enterprise was a memorable event which had impressed our memory so vividly that I feel now as if I went through it only today. If only that illness had not made its appearance, things would have been so bright till the very end. But, 'man proposes and God disposes,' and, though God's disposal of our venture was not in the least to my liking, I had no other go but to accept it.

Our journey back was too tedious, and my mind too heavily burdened to enable me to remember it in detail. I was thankful that the fever did not increase in any alarming degree. I had also some money with me —money that had been literally earned with the sweat of our brows—and was able to look after the patient tolerably well. We reached Madras without any further adventure and I heaved a sigh of relief as we stepped into our home. For two more days I stayed with her and she was almost well by that time. The holidays were nearly over and I returned to my place.

A week later, I received a letter from my friend containing news which startled me. Her husband had been searching for her during the holidays and was too angry to accept any explanation. She, on her part, was nettled at the suspicious way she was treated and stubbornly refused to make peace. And he had left her in high chagrin. It was indeed a climax. I wrote a long explanatory letter to the man, then and there exonerating my friend from all blame as much as I could and shouldering it all myself, for, I have no one to fly into my

affairs or question the why and wherefore of my movements. 'Good thing,' I mused, 'that I am still in the realm of single blessedness. Certainly, I shall think twice before getting myself entangled, in the noose of matrimony.'

I still keep a coin or two of our hard-earned savings of that day, as a memento of our escapade.

—*The Wanderer.*

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

1. Westernising tendencies

Backless Blouses:—It is the vogue now, among society Indian women, to dress differently for each occasion, and for different times of the day, thus making the fashions of the Sari as variable as the frock. Hitherto, an evening function may have been graced with a slightly grander Sari than that worn in the morning; but to-day, the whole style has to change, and the *ensemble* for after-dinner wear, among the ultra-modern, resembles more the evening dress of a European woman than an Indian Sari.

One of the chief items of this new craze is the wearing of backless blouses. Although such creations may look well on a slim figure, they do not definitely suit the Sari, which essentially is a conservative dress. Neither do backless blouses look very attractive, when the complexion of the wearer is a shade too brown for too much exposure of the skin.

The fact remains, however, that the vogue is increasing in fashion, and many are the kinds of backless evening blouses being introduced into the fashion market. Soon, perhaps, the blouse may be dispensed with altogether, or become an apology for one worn, as is the case already among some women.

Sari-drapery:—Although some dress experts believe that radical changes ought to be made in Sari fashions, many believe that the very beauty of the Sari lies in its conservative character, and therefore, though new styles, like ready-made Saris, are being sold, and are popular among a certain set, they are not as yet patronised by the majority, because they are not said to have those natural graceful folds that a draped Sari is said to have.

The Gold Belt:—If we have not seen Miss Philomena Thumboo Chetty personally, we have seen her photos in the news-papers and we cannot but help admiring her slim figure, so beautifully accentuated by the gold belt she wears. No doubt, this is an old-fashioned ornament, but how beautifully it becomes slim waists! Why have so many of our women, in blindly westernising the mode of the Sari, given up this altogether beautiful Indian ornament?

—*Sister Susie.*

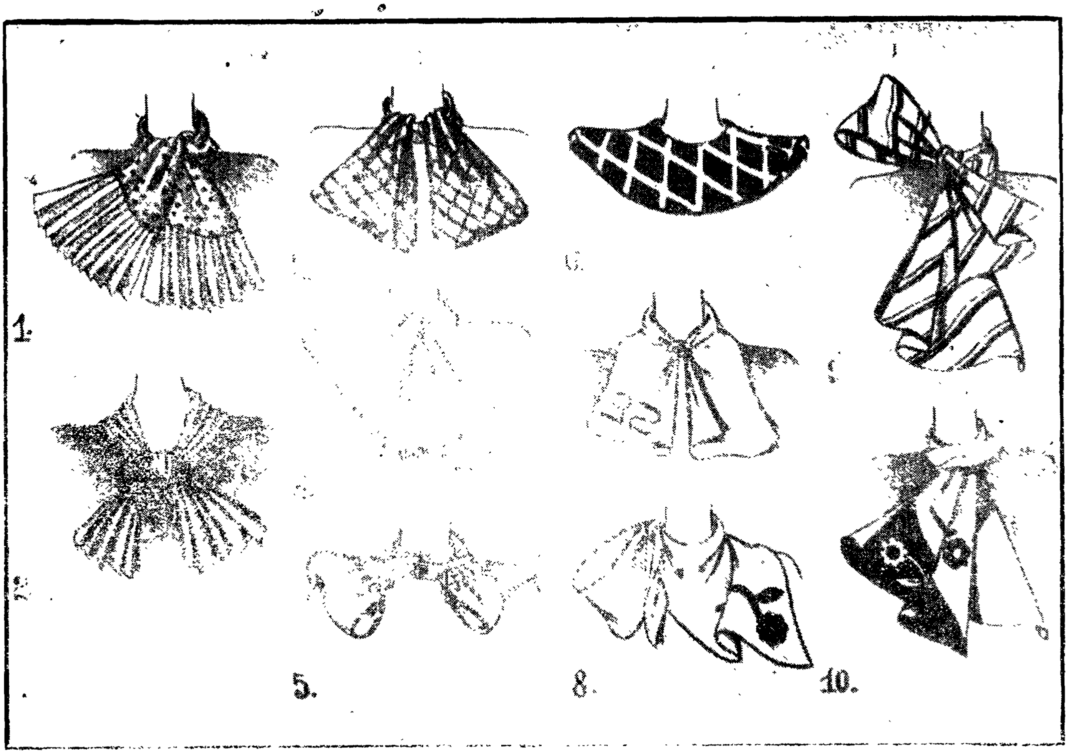
2. The bow cult in vogue again

BY MICHAEL LORANT

Never before have so many bows been seen on the necks of pretty girls as to-day. Every bow has its own peculiar name. We have gathered together a nice selection of these latest flowers in the field of fashion, and they are as follows :—

1. Fan bow. This is made from pure silk in various colours.
2. The tied bow. The material is *moire.*
3. The bag bow. Heavy artificial silk is the material.
4. A bow for wearing a watch. It is made of stiff cloth.

5. The shoulder bow. This is a peculiar sort of bow which covers the whole shoulder. Soft silk is the material.
6. The square bow. This consists of black *crepe de chine* with white lines.
7. Bow with initials, composed of fine white cloth.



8. The flower bow, consisting mainly of green silk.
9. Huge tied bow. The material is heavy *taffeta.*
10. Marguerite bow. It is made of soft *crep romain.*

N. B. :— Some of these bows can be used with advantage on Indian costumes, over the sari, in the same shade or in contrasting shades.

—— *Michael Lorant.*

3. Some beauty suggestions

We take from *Wife and Home* some advice regarding *sparkle* in faces.

There is the importance of *eye-lashes,* whose silkiness and regularity will increase the size, brilliance and beauty of eyes. " If your lashes are dark but inconspicuous, try brushing them upwards with some olive oil on a tiny eyelash brush. Put the faintest trace of oil on the lids, too. This keeps them supple and gives a fascinating glisten."

To make the *teeth* whiter, the tooth-brush can be dipped into a freshly-cut lemon and the teeth brushed with it upwards and downwards from the gums. Then, the mouth can be rinsed with tepid water.

The *complexion* can be often freshened by a bathing in milk for some minutes, either at bed-time, or during the day, leaving the milk on the skin for sometime and then wiping it off.

Hot and moist *hands* can be cured by being sponged with a solution of a teaspoonful of vinegar in a cup of really hot water.

—

Some Intricacies of Gracie Fields' New Film, "The Show Goes on"

BY MICHAEL LORANT

BASIL Dean, directing Gracie Fields in "*The Show Goes on*" at the A. T. P. Studios, has had all the time a job of work which, despite his knowledge of screen and stage, provides a novel experience. The script calls for simultaneous action by Gracie, a dozen 'grips' and a trio of sea-lions. Gracie, in this scene, is a minor member of a travelling *troupe* and as such, is barely allowed time to end her song before the 'grips' rush on to clear the stage for the sea-lions as real stars of the 'Big Act.'

Impatient of a mere singer's delay in quitting the scene, the sea-lions bombard Gracie with gigantic coloured balloons. This scene provides one of the many hilarious and colourful spots of the picture, and, dependent as the result necessarily was on the tempo and temperament of the 'lions,' its successful shooting with the minimum number of 'takes' was hailed with satisfaction by everybody, and probably with deep relief by the director himself.

Unlike a real audience, these lions of the sea at first objected to Gracie's presence on the stage, for, everywhere they play, theirs is the 'star' act. It required several takes and retakes before this sequence of Gracie in the lion's den could be shot successfully, by which time Gracie and the sea-lions had become quite friendly. Entering into the humour of the thing, Gracie kept everyone —the producer, stage-hands, musicians, in fits of laughter by her mimicry of the sea-lion's bark, and their comic flapping of their flippers, finally engaging with them in a game of push-ball, with Gracie coming off second best.

Gracie Fields tells how, early in her career, she was a member of a concert party at St. Anna's-on-Sea.

"In those days," says Gracie, "I had dreams of making a living by stage work of the serious kind, drama and such. I told my idea to another member of the company who finally changed my plan. He told me I should get lots more pleasure and more money out of making people laugh and enjoy themselves than by making them cry. My friend repeated his urge, when we happened to be playing together again. Now, after all this time, he and I met again. Fred Hutchings, for that is his name, certainly did me a good turn!"

In one of the scenes, Gracie Fields books a passage to New York on the "*Queen Mary*," but at the last moment changes her mind and returns to London.

In real life, Gracie confesses she would like to take the trip:

"I am fond of travel. That is one reason why I make my holiday home at Capri. It was a love of travel and desire for change of scene that induced me to make my South African tour a year ago. You see, I have done quite a heap of work in England, films, variety, recording and on the radio, so I would like very much to go away a bit. When I have made this film, I should like to make a picture abroad. Whether or not that will be possible, I do not know. But I hope it will."

A cavalcade in *coiffures* will be seen in this Gracie Fields picture. The different styles are worn by her during the action of the film, which extends over a period of ten years, and they are all styles which have been worn by Gracie throughout her stage and film career during a similar number of years.

First, we see her with a long bob, and a fringe for her stage *debut* in the local pantomime. When she goes to London to

GRACIE FIELDS appearing as '*Principal Boy*' in the pantomime "*Dick Whittington,*" in her latest A. T. P. film "*The Show Goes On.*" Directed by Basil Dean.

MANGALORE MAHILA SABHA

The Sabha celebrated recently its Silver Jubilee. Seated 4th from left is the President of the Association, Mrs. Sushila Bai Haldipur.

PHOTO: R. VENKOBA RAO, SRIRANGAM.

make her fortune she wears her hair in earphones. In her early touring days, she has very curly and wavy hair. On finding success, she adopts a more sophisticated style, comprising a slight fringe, slightly wavy, but at the same time, a sleek long bob style with curls in the nape of her neck. In the final sequences her, hair is dressed in the manner that Gracie has been wearing during her recent music hall appearances.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

1. Two New Pets

By Padmini

ONE evening, Sarala, Saraswati and Gopalan were going for a walk, with their *Chokra* Rama and their *Ayah*, when they saw a man driving a herd of pigs along the road. The pigs looked very dirty and muddy, and the children did not like the look of them very much; but suddenly they heard a loud squeak, and found a very tiny pig knocked over by a big one.

" Squeak—squeak, " it cried, and Sarala said, " Oh, isn't it a dear, just like Christopher Robin's Piglet. Rama ! run and catch it, please. "

So Rama went and caught it, and then Sarala went up to the man who drove the pigs and asked him if he would sell her the little pig.

" How much will you give me ? " asked the man.

" How much do you want ? " asked Sarala.

" Eight annas, " said the man.

" Have you got eight annas with you, Ayah ? " enquired Sarala.

The Ayah looked in her rather dirty bag, and found only four annas.

" Oh, please give it to me for four annas, " pleaded Sarala, " we haven't got any more money with us. "

So the man, preferring four annas to his little pig, took the money and gave the children their new pet.

How pleased they were ! They started back home immediately, with the pig in Rama's hands, and, as soon as they got home, the children ran to their mother and father and showed them their pet.

" I bought it from a man for four annas," cried Sarala " Oh mummy, isn't he lovely ? "

" Ayah gave us the money," said Saraswati.

" Yes—you owe Ayah four annas mother," exclaimed Sarala, " and please—can we keep the little pig ? "

" Of course, you can," said Mrs. Krishnan. " But please do not buy any more pigs."

So the children kept their new pet and looked after it carefully, and got lots of fun out of it. They called it " Piglet."

But one day, when the rains started, Piglet fell ill. He started with a cold, and then got fever—which became worse and worse. The Veterinary doctor did his best ; but Piglet did not recover. One day, he got very bad, and was nearly dying. He could hardly breathe.

" Mother, what shall I do ?" cried Sarala in despair.

" Try a drop of brandy," suggested Mr. Krishnan—and brought the brandy bottle out. They put a few drops into a tea-spoon, and, after mixing some water with it, they opened Piglet's mouth and poured it in ; but no sooner had they done so, than poor little Piglet gave a gentle sigh and died.

Oh—how the children wept ! Even Gopalan, although he was only five, cried and cried for his Piglet. They buried it

in the garden, and put a stone over it, on which they wrote,

"HERE LIES PIGLET, OUR FAITHFUL PET."

Two days after Piglet died, *Daddy* said to his wife: "Don't you think the children ought to have a dog? They are so fond of pets."

Mrs. Krishnan quite agreed—and very soon, a lovely little black puppy arrived.

You may be sure the children loved the pup. They called him "Robin" -- and Saraswati and Gopalan soon forgot about Piglet, now that they had Robin to play with. But Sarala used often to think of her little Piglet, which she had bought for four annas and now and then she plucked a flower and put it on Piglet's little grave.

2. Ants

I saw some busy ants one day,
And each one seemed to know its way.
In each small mouth there was a seed,
And all of them worked on with speed.

In a hole they left this store,
And then went back to look for more,
Each was busy in its way,
Each worked on from day to day.

Let us from these insects learn
A lesson good and true and stern;
Don't be lazy, don't be slow,
Each one to his task must go.

The night is near, down sinks the sun;
No more work can then be done.
So, do your work and do not wait;
For, if you do, you will be late.

3. A Chinese Doll

Six corks may be joined together with wire, as in the illustration, and painted to represent a Chinese boy.

From *The Treasure Chest.*

BOOK - REVIEWS

1. *Athawar House* by K. Nagarajan, *Higginbothams*, Rs. 3/—

"From its first scene — that fresh bright morning of an Indian cold weather with temple bells ringing and paddy fields emerald in the morning son—to its last one, sad yet hopeful, this story of the Athawar family is a sheer joy to read. Mr. Nagarajan is master of an exceedingly easy and pleasant style. Nothing seems forced, and the story goes on its leisurely way with a charm and fluency that hold us captive to the very end. The fortunes of the three Athawar brothers, Gopinath, Vaman and Ragunath, together with their wives and families, make most interesting reading. Each brother is so real and so different that we feel we know them all three and are loth to leave them when we close the book. Nowhere can there have been painted a finer or sympathetic picture of Indian family life." *Madras Mail.*

2. *Indian Women in the New Age* by T. S. Rajagopal, *Jaya Stores*, Mysore. Rs. 2/-

"Mr. Rajagopal has written the book 'with the idea of picturing the present position of women in India and of suggesting improvement in the light of the progress made by women of other progressive countries.' As his chapter headings—'A Retrospect, Law and Religion, Legal Disabilities of Women, Political Expression or the Ballot, Economic Advancement, Social Position, and Education'—indicate, he has made a comprehensive survey of his subject. He has read widely: the names of 81 'publications consulted' are given.

The author would have done well to have had his manuscript read by another: many errors could then have been avoided and the 'Indianisms,' among which the word *female* used for woman is the most frequent, eliminated."—*Madras Mail.*

3. "*Meenakshi's Memoirs*" by Miss H. Kaveri Bai, B.A., L.T., Headmistress of the Government Secondary and Training Schools for Women, Berhampur, published by G. A. Natesan, Madras, Rs. 3, is a novel of Indian Christian life, as lived in Madras and South India generally. "Apart from the story, the moral of which is a powerful plea for true Christian life, there are vivid portraits of persons and places interwoven with incidents that stick to one's memory. Indian Christians and Eurasians form a by no means insignificant section of the community and in many ways they have served as a link between India and England. The growing spirit of nationalism is manifest in the new generation, which is conscious of its kinship with the children of the soil. Women especially have been free among them, and their example coupled with this preference for Western customs and manners has had a decided influence on Indian life. Miss Kaveri Bai lays bare the real facts of their lives, their hopes and dreams, with a sympathy and insight which are only matched by her candour and literary excellence. Of course, the names and places are merely assumed for purposes of convenience, and, though the local colouring is perfect to a degree as will be clear to those living in Madras and its environs, the story is entirely imaginary and has no reference to living characters."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

By Annette

The Lighting Problem.

THE appropriate lighting of a house is usually not paid as much attention to as it should be. Reading and table-lamps are seldom patronised by Indians, and very often easy chairs are not placed in a place where the light falls directly. The result is that there is a strain for the eyes, or else, a chair has to be shifted from its place in order to make the light easy for reading. It is so easy to overcome this little defect by arranging reading-chairs to be near a table with a reading-lamp, or else placed near a light.

The same advice applies to fans in this country. Have your much-used chairs within a convenient distance of the radius of the fan, and do not continually keep moving your furniture about. Also, if you have a piano—do see that the light falls directly on the music, and that it is placed near enough to the fan, in order to make the player feel cool and comfortable. Now that the hot weather has set in with a vengeance, it becomes almost impossible to play the piano, unless there is a fan in the near vicinity.

Your Children's Home-work hours.

When your children are doing their home-work of an evening, do see that they have a good light to work under. Why are

so many of our children suffering from defective eye-sight ? Surely, because of the carelessness of parents in allowing them to read by any poor light. Especially is this the case in Mofussils, where there is no electricity, and children pour over their books by the light of a small flickering kerosine lamp. Why not, in such cases, invest in one or two Petromax lamps ? These are the best substitutes for electric lights, and, if burnt with kerosine oil, are perfectly safe and easy to light.

Kitchen conveniences.

Very often, whereas the lighting in the main house is thought out carefully, the lighting in the kitchen is so bad in India, that the poor cook can scarcely see what he is doing. One dim little bulb hangs in an out of the way corner, barely shedding its light on any of the important places. Cannot the housewife see that one good bulb is placed over the kitchen table, and another over the fires or ovens ?

While we are on the subject of the kitchen in India, a very important necessity seems to be the fixing of wire gauze on the doors and windows, so that no flies and insects may get in. If the doors are fixed with a spring, they will automatically remain shut—thus preventing any flies from entering. A sink with a water-tap is an absolute necessity in an Indian kitchen, and, if you happen to be building a new house, why not have at least half the walls of your kitchen tiled with glazed white tiles, so that they, along with the floor, can be washed and disinfected every day ?

SOME HEALTH RULES

Dr. Samuel Johnson's rules for *travellers* seeking health :

" 1. Turn all care out of your head as soon as you mount the chaise.

" 2. Do not think about frugality; your health is worth more than it can cost.

" 3. Do not continue any day's journey to fatigue.

" 4. Take now and then a day's rest.

" 5. Get a smart sea-sickness if you can.

" 6. Cast away all anxiety, and keep your mind easy.

" This last direction is the principal; with an unquiet mind, neither exercise, nor diet, nor physic, can be of much use.

Johnson might well have added to the above rules of health the importance of eating fruit, of which he himself was very fond. Boswell says that he often ate seven or eight peaches, before breakfast.—

— *Good Health.* (U. S. A.)

The influence of emotion on digestion cannot be belittled. As a medical practitioner in *Health* tells us :

" The stomach is very susceptible to the slightest change in the mental state. 'A merry heart doth good like medicine.' Want of sociability and good cheer predisposes to indigestion. One who eats his food in solitude without a pleasant smile is more liable to indigestion. A cheerful frame of mind aids digestion ; an unhappy and agitated mental state leads to a long train of stomach and intestinal ailments. Often, good food becomes difficult or impossible to digest, if the person is of peevish and suspicious temperament. 'The chronic grumbler and fault-finder, the over-particular person who will not eat with equanimity unless the food is prepared exactly to suit him, is much more prone to dyspepsia than the cheery optimist who looks at the bright side, who makes allowances for small shortcomings in the meals, or in those who prepare them, and who can rise superior to the little nagging worries of everyday life.'

Custom and social habits, prejudices, idiosyncrasies and national objections, the *cults and isms* of new schools and

doctrines, are often responsible. Very often, there is neurosis and a sort of physic indigestion which sometimes induces actual starvation and an ' unbearable monotony of diet. " Such habits must be carefully and tactfully brought round to take back all the discared wholesome foods. To soothe the body and mind, a course of baths, massage, electricity and a graduated scheme of diet is needed. Sympathy with such people is necessary with a certain amount of firmness. Faith and courage favour strong and regular contractions of the stomach muscles, while fear or anger, ill-temper and disgust either weakens or inhibits them. In some cases, it is advisable to send them abroad on long vacation or at least bring a change in the business habits. 'To take the wearied book-keeper from his desk and put him on the road for a while ; to place the road-worn travelling man in the quiet haven of an office ; to send the *blase* city-man out among the green trees and meadows of the country, or to take the housewife who has grown sick and weary under the monotony of life in some isolated community and let her enjoy the bustle and sights of a greater city for a season,'—these often banish introspection, self-analysis, self-pity and digestive thought."

OUR CHESS PAGE

By Bharadwaja

VIENNA GAME

A game with a surprising finish played at Munich.

	White. KORING.	*Black.* ELJADCHOFF.
1.	P to K4	P to K4
2.	Kt to QB 3	Kt to KB 3 P to Q 4 is probably the best (reply)
3.	P to K Kt 3	B 2 B 4.
4.	B to Kt 2	P to Q 3 (or 4...castles. 5. P to Q 3 Kt to B. 3; 6. K Kt to Kt 2)
5.	K Kt to Kt 2	Kt to Kt 5 (Better is Kt to B 3 keeping on known ground.
6.	Castles	P to K R 4
7.	Kt to Q R 4 (P to K R 3 is preferred)	P to R 5
8.	Kt×B	P×Kt
9.	P—K B 4	Kt—R 3
10.	P—K Kt 4	Kt—B 3
11.	P—K B 4 (another doubtful move P- Q 3 ?)	P×P
12.	Kt×P	Kt to K 4
13.	P to Q 3 (B to B 3 is necessary)	K Kt × P (gallantly seizing opportunity)
14.	P×Kt	B×P
15.	Q to K 1	P to R 6
16.	B to R 1	P to R 7 ch
17.	K to B 2	Q to B 6 !
18.	K to K 3	P to K Kt 4
19.	Kt to R 5	Kt to B 5 ch !!
20.	P×Kt	Q to Q 5 (mate)

A SUN SOCIETY

IN the south of England, there exists a society which is fully confident of being able to show the way to perfect health! It claims that this is the result of years of careful study and experience, and its mission is to enlighten people to what properly-administered sun and air bathing, coupled with physical culture and attention to diet, can accomplish.

The society is entirely nudist on the grounds of health, fitness, freedom from catching colds etc., and with the idea of raising moral standards by removing curiosity about sex, etc.

All members are required to do their utmost to maintain their bodies in a state of good health, to cultivate a thoroughly clean mind and to uphold the cause of social nudism. Drinking and gambling are not permitted under any circumstances, and the Committee reserve the right to demand resignation of any member, who breaks these rules.

There is a sun-park consisting of about twenty acres of beautiful woodland, situated a few miles from the coast. Excellent farm house accommodation is available close at hand and a natural well supplies fresh water.

Garage accommodation is available near the park, also a telephone, and although the idea is to go back to Nature for health, such civilised comforts and luxuries and comforts are not despised!

Cliques are not encouraged, the family atmosphere being the order, but the exact location of the camp is not allowed, under any circumstances, to be made known to anyone outside the society, and members are usually only known and addressed by their Christian names.

No children are allowed, unless accompanied by, or with full written consent of, parents or guardian.

Games are strongly encouraged and to merely loaf about in the sun is not the idea of the sun-park, though excessive hardiness and Spartanism is not expected! In fact, whilst the present site is well-suited to the purpose, a conveniently situated guest-house and grounds are being sought with greater comfort, for the society to transfer to.

The rules of the society are few and the fees within the reach of all, but prospective members have to appear personally to be interviewed by the Secretary, and must appear in the nude in company with two or more members, who are also naked before they are accepted. The Committee reserve the right to refuse any person whom they consider unsuited to associate with the existing members. Hundreds of prospective members have been refused admittance.

In addition to inviting permanent members, facilities are provided for all genuine nudists, who desire to spend their summer holidays at the sun-park, but visitors are expected to observe the society's rules during their stay.

The activities go on all the year round, and artificial sunlight, etc., is available for members during the winter months as this is considered essential to the maintenance of summer fitness. Some of the hardier members continue their outdoor sunbathing on finer days all the year round.

That 'Sunlight is the source of all life' is the slogan of the society and new members, who start off with white skins, regard their more tanned companions with the utmost envy and admiration.

— *Betty Ardron.*

[Every nation has its own idiosyncrasies and every age its new movements! It is good to know of them all, even as things to be avoided!—*Ed., I. L. M.*]

Needlework Notes

1. News for Knitters

By Delmore

ODD balls of wool soon accumulate with people who knit or crochet, and one is often at a loss to know what to do with them.

Here are two suggestions that may be useful.

Go to any General Store in the bazaar, and for a few annas you can buy a celluloid baby. The small recipient will be pleased with it, no doubt, but, if you can provide it with clothes as well, the pleasure will be doubled, and here is where those oddments of wool come in handy.

Below are simple directions for making a dress, knickers and a bonnet. The directions can be adjusted to fit any size.

The dress.

Begin at the hem: Cast on 56 sts. or any number divisible by 7: Knit three rows plain.

4th row: Knit 2 tog; KI, MkI, KI, MkI, KI. K2 tog; repeat.

5th row: All purl.

Repeat these two rows until long enough to reach the waist line.

Reduce the sts. to 40 thus: K 2 tog, four times; k 12, k 2 tog; eight times; k 12, K 2 tog four times.

Purl one row.

1st row of bodice. Knit 20 sts. and pass the remaining sts. on to a safety pin.

Continue rows of plain knitting until the armhole is reached. At the beginning of the next two rows cast on 6 sts. for the sleeves, and on all these knit up to the neck.

Knit 12 sts. for first sleeve and shoulder.

Cast off 8 sts. for the neck. Knit remaining 12 sts.

Knit three more rows on remaining 12 sts. and leave these for the present. Go back to the first shoulder, and knit three rows on the sts. Cast on 8 sts. for the neck and knit opposite shoulder (32 sts.).

Knit back to match front, casting off 6 sleeve sts. on each side.

Cast off, press lightly and sew together.

A row of stitching with a contrasting colour wool, makes a pretty finish for the neck.

The Knickers

Cast on 36 sts.

Knit 2 rows in rib. (2 plain, 2 purl).

3rd row. Make 1; k 2 tog; k 1; repeat.

4th row. Knit 2 rows in rib (2 plain, 2 purl)

6th row. Knit 14 rows plain.

20th row. Knit 3 rows in rib (2 plain, 2 purl) Cast off, press lightly and sew together.

The Bonnet

Cast on 21 sts.

Knit 6 rows in rib (1 plain, 1 purl).

Knit 16 rows plain. Cut off the wool a few inches and with a needle draw the last row together and fasten off securely.

Woolly balls always please the littlest one, and here again is a way to use your oddments.

Cut two rounds of cardboard, four inches in diameter. Make a hole through the centre of both rounds, about one inch in diameter. Make several little balls of wool, any colours, the more variety you use the better.

Wind the wool in and out till the whole is filled in, and the rounds of cardboard well covered.

When you are quite sure that you cannot thread through any more wool, take a sharp pair of scissors, and cut round between the two pieces of cardboard, tie a piece of string, round the cut, then remove the cardboard, clip the wool here and there, and roll the ball lightly in your hands, till you are satisfied with the shape.

2. Winter Coat for the toddler

Measurements

The coat.— Length from shoulder, $15\frac{1}{2}$ ins.; round chest at underarm, 26 ins.; length of sleeve seam, $9\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

Tension

In Kwiknit Wool, 5 sts., and 7 rows to 1 in. In Rosedale Fingering, $6\frac{1}{2}$ sts., and 9 rows to 1 in.

The coat

Cast on 160 sts., with Kwiknit wool and k. 2 rows in garter-st., working into backs of sts. on first row.

3rd row: K. 26, p. 2, k. 2 p. 2 twice, * k. 39, p. 2, k.2, p. 2 twice; repeat from * once, k. 26.

4th row: K. 2, p. 24, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2 twice, * p. 39, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2 twice; repeat from * once, p. 24, k. 2.

Repeat these 2 rows 26 times (54 rows in) all), then dec. for waist as follows :

Next row: K. 26, rib 10, k. 3, k. 2 tog. 7 times, k. 4, rib 10, k. 4, k. 2 tog., k. 3 7 times, rib 10, k. 26.

Next row: K. 2, p. 24, rib 10, p. 32, rib 10 twice, p. 24, k. 2.

On the next row slots for belt are made. K. 26, turn and work on these sts., only for 4 more rows. Break wool and work on 10 rib sts., only for 5 rows. Work in the same way over the following groups: 32 st.-st.: 10 rib; 32 st.,-st.; 10 rib; 24 st.-st.; and 2 garter-st.

Next row; Work across all sts., keeping to original pattern. Work 2 more rows.

On the next row (commencing on right side of work) make buttonholes as follows: K. 3, cast off 3, k. 14 cast off 3, and complete the row in pattern. On the next row cast on 2 sets of 3 sts. over those cast off. Work 5 rows straight.

Next row: Work 38, cast off 8, work 54, cast off 8, work 38.

The work is now divided for the fronts and back. Continue on the last 38 sts. Cast off 1 st. at beginning of next 2 rows which commence at armhole edge, then continue on remaining 36 sts. in pattern. Work 2 rows without alteration, then on the next 2 rows work another pair of buttonholes. Work 12 rows without alteration, then work another pair of buttonholes. Work as before 2 rows without alteration, then on next row cast of 14 (at neck edge). Complete the row and work back to neck. Cast off 2 sts. at beginning of next row and cast off 1 st. at beginning of next 2 rows which commence at this edge.

On the next row commencing at neck edge begin the shoulder shaping. Work to within 6 sts. of end, turn and work back. *Next row:* Work to with in 12 sts. of end, turn and work back. Cast off.

Return to 38 sts. left on needle for other front, and work to correspond, with all shapings reversed and omitting the buttonholes.

Join the wool to remaining 54 sts. and work 30 rows in pattern. Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

The Sleeves.—Cast on 32 sts. and k. 2 rows. *3rd row*: K. 11, rib 10, k. 11.

4th row: P. 11, rib 10, P. 11.

Repeat these 2 rows 3 times, then continue in pattern, inc. at both ends of next and every following 6th row, until there are 52 sts.

Cast off 3 sts. at beginning of every row until 16 sts. remain. Cast off.

Make the second sleeve in the same way.

ABBREVIATIONS

St., stitch; k., knit; p., purl; dec, decrease; inc., increase; st.- st., stocking-stitch; s., slip; tog., together; m.1, make a st. by passing the wool over the needle; p.s.s. o., pass slipped stitch over the previous knitted st.; d.c., double crochet; ch., chain: tr., treble.

The Collr:—Cast on 60 sts. and k. 2 rows.

3rd row: K. 6, rib 10, k. 9, rib 10 twice, k. 6.

4th row: K. 2, p. 4, rib 10, p. 9, rib 10 twice, p. 4, k. 2.

Repeat the last 2 rows 7 times. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press the work with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Join the coat shoulder seams and the sleeve seams and sew the sleeves into the armholes. Sew the cast-off edge of collar to the neck, leaving the 14 cast-off sts. of the front free on each side. Sew on the buttons and thread the belt through the slots.

— From ***Wife and Home.***

3. Embroidered Flowers

No. (1)

A BUNCH OF *Violets*

The flowers may be worked with shaded thread in satin stitch, or with long and short stitches shading the tips of the petals into the darkest colour. The centres are golden yellow French knots with a ring of orange around each knot.

The leaves shaded darkest at the tips in chrome green and made lighter nearer the veins will look splendid. A single thread couching on the outline of the leaf with brown will be nice. The stems are olive green.

No. (2)

This is a border of *morning glories*, which are very common creepers grown in many colours.

The leaves may be appliqued, or shaded, or filled with tiny dots and the outline stitched in dainty button-hole stitches. After the embroidery is over, a couching with gold or silver thread will have an enchanting effect.

— *B. Lakshmi Subba Rao.*

Cookery Notes

African Gateaux

INGREDIENTS :

3 eggs,
3ozs. of castor sugar,
2½ ozs. of self-raising flour.

Beat the yolks of the eggs and sugar well together, fold in the sifted flour and the stiffly-whipped whites of the eggs. Put the mixture in a forcing bag with a funnel the size of a shilling and force into greased patty pans. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. When cold, stick two together with a little whipped cream or chocolate icing, and cover with chocolate icing.

Chocolate Icing

INGREDIENTS :

1½ ozs. of chocolate or cocoa powder,
¼ lb. of icing sugar,
½ teaspoonful of vanilla essence.

Melt the chocolate in I tablespoonful of water and boil for 2 minutes, being careful that it does not burn. Allow it to cool a little and then add the vanilla and icing sugar. Stir until smooth, but do not let the mixture boil again.

Cheese Straws

INGREDIENTS :

2 ozs. of butter,
2 ozs. of self-raising flour,
2 ozs. of grated Parmesan or Cheddar
The yolk of I egg.

Put the flour on a pastry board, sprinkle with salt and pepper, chop in the butter and grated cheese. Mix together in a bowl with the yolk of egg and I dessertspoonful of water to a stiff paste. Roll out, cut into strips ⅛ inch by 3 inches and bake on a greased baking sheet covered with greased paper in a hot oven until a pale brown (7 to 10 minutes). Serve piled across each other to form a square tower.

Cheese Tartlets

INGREDIENTS :

¼ lb. of good shortcrust pastry,
I gill of white sauce,
3 ozs. of Cheddar cheese,
2 eggs.

Add the grated cheese, yolks of the eggs and seasoning of pepper and salt to the white sauce and mix all together. Whip the whites stiffly and stir lightly into the mixture. Line a

dozen patty pans with the pastry. Fill with the cheese mixture and bake in a quick oven for 20 minutes, being careful not to bang the oven door.

These 4 recipes are from *Wife and Home.*

Shredded Carrots and Peas

Cut carrots into thin lengthwise strips or grate them on a coarse grater. Cook in salted water, just enough to cover. When carrots are cooked, make a cupful of white sauce, using some of the vegetable water with the milk:

2 tablespoons flour, 1½ teaspoons salt,
2 tablespoons butter, ½ cup milk,
½ cup vegetable, cooking water.

Fold the cooked shredded carrots into the white sauce and pour into a large vegetable dish. Make a well in the centre and fill this with canned peas which have been heated in their own liquor, drained and seasoned. Top with a generous lump of butter.

Sweet Potato Souffle

1½ cups mashed cooked sweet potato,
3 egg yolks,
3 egg whites,
1¼ cups top milk,
½ teaspoon salt,
3 tbsp. butter, melted,
1 teaspoon baking powder,
2 tbsp. finely ground walnuts or 2 tbsp. peanut butter.

Press the mashed vegetable through a sieve to make it fine and smooth. Beat egg yolks, add milk, seasoning, butter, and combine with potato pulp. Sprinkle the baking powder over the well-beaten egg whites and combine thoroughly; then fold into the potato mixture. Pour into a well-buttered casserole. Sprinkle ground-nut pieces over the top or dot with peanut butter. Bake in a moderate oven for about 35 minutes.

Smothered Cauliflower

Cook a large head of cauliflower until barely tender in salted water. Drain and place in a deep buttered baking dish. Pour around and over the cauliflower a pint of thick, seasoned stewed tomatoes, flavored with butter and minced onion. Cover the dish with fine bread crumbs and grated cheese and bake in a moderate oven until nicely browned.

Asparagus au Gratin

Arrange creamed asparagus in a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake until crumbs are brown. Grated cheese may be mixed with the crumbs.

Apple Snow with Bananas

2 large sour apples, 3 small bananas,
3 egg whites, beaten, Lemon juice,
¼ teaspoon salt, Cinnamon,
¾ cup sugar.

Peel the apples and grate them into the stiffly beaten egg whites, folding the apple in once or twice during the process to prevent discoloration. If the apples are not really sour, add 1 teaspoon of lemon juice to the whip. Add salt, cinnamon and sugar and beat lightly until well mixed. Cut the bananas into thin slices, dip in lemon juice and line sherbet glasses with them. Fill with the apple foam, chill for about an hour and serve with a custard sauce made from the egg yolks. This dessert must not be allowed to stand for much over an hour.

These 5 are from *The Parents' Magazine.*

Syrup—Sikanjibee

Vinegar ... ... one bottle.
Sugar ... ... three Viss.
Mint leaves.

The sugar is to be boiled with about a seer of water for about 15 to 20 minutes. When it becomes syrupy, the vinegar is to be added and the whole further boiled for 10—15 minutes to the thickness needed. Plenty of mint leaves can be added for flavouring.

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T. M. JANARDANAM,
Editor, The "Suddha Dharma",
Director, S. D. M. Association.

OUR TELUGU SECTION

గృహపరిశ్రమలు

శ్రీమతి క. వరలక్ష్మమ్మ గారు

హిందూసంఘంలో గృహస్థజీవితం యొక్క తీరు తీయాలు రెండు ధర్మాలమీద ఆధారపడి ఉన్నవి. ఒకటి ధనసంపాదన; రెండవది గృహనిర్వాహకత్వము. సంపాదనలో నేర్పుండి యిల్లు దిద్దుకునే నేర్పు లేకపోయినా, యిల్లు చక్కబెట్టుకొనే నేర్పుండి సంపాదనా సామర్థ్యం లేకపోయినా ఆ సంసారము బాగుండదు.

హిందూసంఘం ముఖ్యమైన యీ రెండు బాధ్యతలనూ స్త్రీ కొకటీ పురుషుడి కొకటీ ఒప్పజెప్పింది. కుటుంబంలో స్త్రీ పురుషు లిరువురూ ఉండి యెవరి బాధ్యతను వారు సక్రమంగా నిర్వహిస్తూఉంటే యీపద్ధతి ముచ్చటగానే ఉంటుంది చూడటానికి.

కాని యీ మానవజీవితంలో యెన్ని ఒడుదుడుకులు! తనువులు నిత్యమా? సంపాదనారీతులు సుతలామూ తెలియని స్త్రీ మీద కుటుంబపోషణభారమూ, గృహనిర్వహణ సామర్థ్యము లేశమైనా యెరుగని పురుషుడిమీద గృహనిర్వహణ భారమూ అమాంతంగా పడిపోవటం సంభవిస్తూ ఉంటుంది.

హఠాత్తుగా స్త్రీపురుషుల జీవితాలు యిటువంటి అపరిచిత మార్గాలుపట్టినప్పుడు పడిపోకుండా నిలబడాలంటే స్త్రీపురుషు లిరువురూ ఉభయరీతులా కౌశల్యం కలిగిఉండాలి. అంటే పురుషుడు గృహనిర్వహణమూ, స్త్రీ ధనసేకరణవిధానమూ నేర్చుకోవాలి. అయితే స్త్రీ పురుషులిరువురూ ఒకరిమీద ఒకరు ఆధారపడి జోడుబాయకుండా ఉండటానికి పూర్వు లీ పీటముడి వేశారని తోస్తుంది. కాని కాలక్రమేణ యీపద్ధతిలో హెచ్చుతగ్గు లేర్పడినాయి. ద్రవ్యసంపాదన కాధిక్యత యేర్పడ్డది. తన్మూలంగా పురుషుడున్నతికి వచ్చాడు; స్త్రీ గణ్యతతొలగి బానిసై పోయింది. నేడు స్త్రీయొక్క గృహనిర్వహణ భారం ఒక ప్రాముఖ్యమైన విషయంగా గాక పోషించేవాడికి లోబడి ఉండవలసిన బానిసధర్మంగా యేర్పడ్డది. ఈ న్యూనత తొలగించుకోవాలంటే స్త్రీ ధనసేకరణవిధానం నేర్చుకొని వ్యక్తిత్వం యేర్పరచుకోవాలి.

నేడు భారతదేశాన్ని ఆవరించిన కటిక దారిద్ర్యమూ, జనబాహుళ్యతా, నిరుద్యోగపీడా మున్నగు సమస్యలుగూడా స్త్రీసంపాదనను ప్రోద్బలం చేస్తున్నాయి. అందువల్లనే నేడు భారతదేశంలోని మహానాయకులంతా స్త్రీలుగూడా ధనసేకరణకు పూనుకొనవలసినదని హెచ్చరిస్తున్నారు.

ఈవిషయం యిప్పుడు స్త్రీలు గూడా గ్రహించారు. తమదాస్య జీవనానికి ప్రధాన కారణం ద్రవ్యహీనతేనని స్త్రీలకిప్పుడు బాగా బోధపడ్డది. అంతేగాక యిందుకు నివారణ మార్గాలుగూడా తీక్ష్ణంగా ఆలోచిస్తున్నారు. సంపన్న కుటుంబికులలోను సామాన్య కుటుంబికులలోను గూడా యీవిషయమై ఆందోళన యేర్పడ్డది.

అయితే స్త్రీ ప్రకృతి సున్నితమైనది. గర్భధారణాది క్లేశములతో కూడుకున్నది. కాన స్త్రీ పురుషుడివలె వెలుపలికిపోయి కష్టించి ధనసేకరణ చేయలేదు. కనుక ఆమె ధనసంపాదనా మార్గాలు ఆమె గృహరాజ్యపు ఎల్లలు మీరకుండానే ఉండాలి. ఇందుకు గృహపరిశ్రమలే ఉచి

తమైనవి. కాని యీవిషయం పరిశీలనకు వచ్చేటప్పటికి అనేక సందేహాలు కలుగుతున్నవి. గృహపరిశ్రమలంటే యేమిటి.? అవి యెట్లాచేయాలి? ప్రాచీన పరిశ్రమల పునరుద్ధగించడమా? లేక నవీనములేవైనా కల్పించడమా? వాటిని చేతితోనే చేయవలెనా? లేక చిన్నచిన్న యంత్రముల తోడ్పాటు గూడా తీసుకోవచ్చునా? ఎవరికివారు ఒంటరిగా చేయవలెనా? లేక సంఘాలుగా యేర్పడాలా? ఇటువంటివే యెన్నో శంకలు కలుగుతాయి.

గట్టిగా ఆలోచిస్తే అన్నిమార్గాలా కృషి చేయవలెననే తోస్తుంది. ఎందువల్లనంటే? ప్రస్తుతం భారతదేశము నాగరకతయందు యెంతో పరివర్తనచెందింది. క్రొత్త క్రొత్త దుస్తులూ, అలంకారాలు, పరికరాలు స్త్రీపురుషులను వశగతంచేసుకున్నాయి. కనుక ప్రాతవాటితోనే తృప్తిపొందండి అంటే యువజనహృదయాలు అంగీకరించవు. కాబట్టి ఉపయుక్తమైన ప్రాతవాటిని బాగుపరుచుకుంటూనే క్రొత్తవాటికి తావీయడం తప్పనిసరి. ప్రజాభిప్రాయాన్ని బట్టి వస్తువును మార్చాలిగాని వస్తువునుబట్టి ప్రజాభిప్రాయం మార్చాలనే యత్నం నిరర్థకం. ప్రజలకు సబ్బులు వాడటం క్రొత్తైనా అభ్యాసంగా యేర్పడి పోయింది. నిజంగా వాటివాడుక మానిపిస్తే దేశానికి మేలే—కాని సాగనిపని. కుంకుడుకాయతోను, సున్నిపిండితోను తృప్తిపడండని చెప్తే ప్రజలు వినరు. కనుక నిరర్థకమైన యీ అరణ్యరోదన చేయడంకంటే దేశీయులే సబ్బులు చేసి ప్రజల ముందుపెడ్తే తీరిపోతుంది.

అయితే ప్రజలు ముఖ్యంగా దేశీయ వస్తువులనే కొనండని ప్రబోధించాలి. ఈఒక్కప్రచారం తీవ్రంగా సాగిస్తే గృహపరిశ్రమలనెంతైనా అభివృద్ధికి తేవచ్చు.

ఈసందర్భంలో స్త్రీలలో చాలా సంస్కారం కలగవలసి ఉన్నది. స్త్రీలు, కొన్ని వందల యేండ్లనుంచి, ముఖ్యంగా బ్రిటిషుపరిపాలన వచ్చినదిమొదలు—గృహపరిశ్రమలకు సంబంధించిన సమస్తవస్తువులు విదేశములనుండి దిగుమతికావడంచేత—గృహపరిశ్రమలు మఱచిపోయినారు. పైగా స్త్రీ నిర్వ్యాపారిగా, తేరతిండి తిని కూర్చోటమే గొప్పతనానికి చిహ్నమనీ, పనిచేయడమే పరువుతక్కువనే దుర్భావం గూడా స్త్రీలలో బాగా వ్యాప్తమైపోయింది. ముఖ్యంగా స్త్రీలలో యీ దురభిప్రాయం పోవాలి. కష్టించి రోజుకొక కాసీయైనా సంపాదించడంలోనే గౌరవ మున్నదనే అభిప్రాయం కలగాలి.

ఈ పరివర్తనం వ్యాసాలవల్ల, ఉపన్యాసాలవల్ల కలగదు. గణ్యతగల స్త్రీలు కొందఱు ముందుకువచ్చి, అవివేకుల ఆక్షేపణలకు జంకక, పూనికతో పనిచేయడమే యిందుకు తగిన ప్రతిక్రియ. భారతదేశంలో యేసంస్కారానికైనా మునుముందు నిలిచినవాళ్ళమీదనే తిరుగుబాటు సాగుతుందిగాని రెండవవారిని అనేవారే ఉండరు. కనుక యావద్భారత ప్రజాక్షేమంకొఱకు కొంతమంది స్త్రీలు ముందునిలిచి ప్రజా సముదాయంయొక్క నిరోధాలకు తల యొగ్గి కార్యసానుకూలత చేయాలి.

ఈ దేశంలో పురుషులకంటె స్త్రీల సంఖ్య అధికం. అనర్థదాయకమైన నిర్వ్యాపారత్వం గూడా అధికసంఖ్యాకులైన యీ స్త్రీలలోనే యెక్కువ. ఇందువల్ల కలిగే అనర్థకం గూడా స్త్రీలకే అధికం. ఇంతేగాదు, ఈ అనర్థకాన్ని వృద్ధిచేసే శృంగార లాలసతగూడా స్త్రీలలోనే యెక్కువ. కనుకనే అందమైన మెఱుగులు, ఆకర్షవంతమైన రంగులుగల విదేశపు

విలాస వస్తువులు స్త్రీల నత్యధికంగా ఆకర్షించి దేశాన్ని కుంగదీస్తున్నవి.

ఎప్పుడు స్త్రీ విదేశవస్తు వస్త్రవ్యామోహంలో చిక్కువడి, గృహపరిశ్రమలు విస్మరించి, నిర్వ్యాపార పంకంలో దిగబడి పోయిందో అప్పుడే స్త్రీ బానిసత్వం యితోధికమై పోయింది. ఉదరపోషణకు, తదితర విలాసవస్తువులకు పురుషుని ఆశ్రయించటం తప్పనిసరై పోయింది. ఒకరి పెట్టుపోతలకు దోసిలొగ్గిన తరువాత పోషించేవాళ్ళు నూరుమాటలన్నా, నూరుపరిభవాలు చేసినా పడక తప్పేదేమున్నది?

కనుక యీ దుర్భరమైన ఆర్థికదాస్యం స్త్రీలు యెంతత్వరగా తొలిగించుకుంటే అంత త్వరగా ఉన్నతికి వస్తారు.

గృహపరిశ్రమలలో అనేకములున్నాయి. భోజ్య భోగ్య వస్తువులలో పెక్కింటిని యింట్లోనే చేయవచ్చును. వడ్లదంపు మొదలుకొని అతి సున్నితమైన జరీనగిషీపని వఱకు యెల్లపనులు గృహపరిశ్రమల శ్రేణికే చెందుతాయి. స్త్రీలకు చతుష్షష్టికళలున్నట్లు వాత్స్యాయనుడు చెప్పియున్నాడు. అల్లిక, కుట్టు, చిత్రము, శిల్పము, మున్నగు నవెన్నియో అందు వివరింపబడినవి. కనుక గృహపరిశ్రమలు స్త్రీలకు పూర్వము నుంచి ఉన్నవే కాని నూతనములుకావు.

సంగమేశ్వరుడు

అడవి బాపిరాజుగారు

పలికిస్తివయ్యా నీ బంగారువీణా
మీటిస్తివా గోళ్ల మిలమిలలతీగా
పండుపరువాలైన పనసల్లసొగసూ
ఓంకారనాదాల తుంబీఫలమ్మూ
రాగాలు నిదరోవు తీగెల్ల పరూ!
పలికిస్తి......

కావేరిపతనాల గంభీరనాదమురా
చెరువు కెరటాలలో మెరిసేటి శృతులూ
సెలయేటి పరువులే జిలిబిలి స్వరమురా!
పలికిస్తి......

కారుమబ్బులగుంపు కమ్మిన దెసలూ
ధళధళని మెరుము మెరిసిందిరా ఫెళఫెళని
ఉరుములూ రేనురా విరుచుకునిపడురా
పలికిస్తి......

అది వసంతమ్మురా యామినీ పరిమళము
మల్లెల గులాబీల మధురహృదయాలు
కోయిలల గొంతులో కోకోకూహూపాలు
పలికిస్తి......

నాట్యమైపోయెరా లాస్యగతి ఊగెరా
నృత్తమై వడులలో చిత్తాలుకరిగెరా
ఆడెరా తాండవం బారభటివృత్తిలో
అప్సరసరాపన్నగాంగి నానందమురా
భారతీదేవిరా పరమ నటరాజురా!
పలికిస్తి......

లోకాలలో లయలు లోకేశు డమరుకము
భానుమండల జనిత ప్రజ్వలితకీలా!
శీతాంశుకదలికలు శ్రీకృష్ణు గజ్జెల్
తానాలలో వింటి మానాటిపాట
పలికిస్తివయ్యా......

ఆకాశనీలాన అణిగిపోయావో
ఆది శబ్దంలోన ఐక్యమయ్యావో
సంగమేశ్వరు! వీణశబ్దించుమాలో.

వివాహవిచారము

జె. సత్యనారాయణగారు

నాకేమిటో పెళ్ళంటే చిన్ననాటనుంచి చాలాభయం. ఈ భయం ఒకరు చెప్పిందికాదు. నాఅంతట నాకే కలిగింది. ఎందుకుకలిగిందో ఎలాకలిగిందో నాకే తెలియదు. ఆభయం పోయేలాగున కనబడదు. ఎవరింటికేనా పెళ్ళికెడితే సమస్త విషయాలు చూచి ఆనందించగలను. కాని మంగళసూత్ర ధారణ జరిగేటప్పుడు మాత్రము శరీరమంతా ముచ్చెమటలు పోసి గుండె గబగబ కొట్టుకుంటుంది. అకస్మాత్తుగ కనురెప్పలు వ్రాల్తాయి. 'ఏమిటీ, ఈయువకుడు ఎంతసాహస కార్యం చేస్తున్నాడు!' అనిపిస్తుంది. వివాహవిషయం ఎపుడు తలచిన, 'వివాహే విద్యనాశాయ సర్వం నాశాయ శోభనం' అనుమాట జ్ఞప్తికి వస్తుంది. ఇది పురుషులకే కాదు సుమండీ!— స్త్రీలకుకూడా చెల్లుతుంది. కాని నావిషయంలో మట్టుకు ఇదివర్తించదు. ఎందుచేతంటే వివాహం మానివేసినానని విద్యకోపగించింది. సూత్రం తలక్రిందైనది.

నాకుపై భయానికి ముఖ్యకారణం స్త్రీలయందుగల గౌరవమే. ఎలాగంటే—చెపుతా వినండి. పేద పామరత్వములు రెండూ నాలో మూర్తీభవించాయి. (మాతండ్రి తాతలు ధన విద్యాధికులు అంటే నాకేమి ప్రయోజనము? నావిషయం ఆలోచించుకోవాలి). కాబట్టి నాబోటి చిన్నమనిషి (ధన విద్యా శూన్యుడు పెద్ద మనిషి కాదుగనుక) వివాహం చేసుకుంటే వేరే చెప్పాలీ, అవస్థ! నేనుకొంచము పూర్వపురకంలో జమ ఏమో అనుకుంటాను గనుక పెళ్లయితే పెళ్లాము తప్పదు (ఇప్పటి రోజుల్లో ఏమోలెండి). పెళ్లామువస్తే పిల్లలు తప్పరు. ఇక తెచ్చిపెట్టలేక నాఅవస్థ. పొయ్యి మీదకి, పొయ్యిలోకి లేకుండా వండిపెట్టడము, సంవత్సరమున కొకసారి జోడా (కనలలు, దరిద్రునకు సంతాన బాహుళ్యము) పిల్లలను కనడము, మా ఆవిడగారి అవస్థ. దీనికి కారణం ఏమిటంటే నావి పిదపకాలపు ఊహలు గావు. లేకపోతే బర్త్ కంట్రోళ్ళున్నాయిగా. ఇది కాకుండ యీనవనాగరికతా ప్రపంచములో స్త్రీ ప్రసవవేదన చూచినా, ఆ విషయాలు విన్నా ప్రాణాలు యెగిరిపోతాయి నాకు. ఇదొక భయం. ఇంకోసంగతి ఏమిటంటే, భార్యామణికి ఏమిలోటయినా పదిమందిలో ఆమెకు తలవంపులు. అవిభర్తకుకూడాలెండి.

అందులో మరొక విషయం; నాబోటివాడు భర్తయితే, భార్యారత్నము యొక్క భావ్యప్రపంచనటనకు, నాఅభావ ప్రపంచ వర్తన ఏమి అడ్డంకులు కలుగజేయునో అని బెంగ. ఈమధ్య విడాకుల చట్టంకూడా వస్తుందన్నారు. దానితో నేను స్త్రీ కట్టివిడిచి పారవేసిన వస్త్రసమానుడ నగుదునేమోయని విచారం. కాబట్టి ఎందుకీఅవస్థ? నేనూ అవస్థపడదలచుకోలేదు— మరొక నారీరత్నమును బాధపెట్టదలచుకోనూ లేదు. ఈవిషయం యువకులు అంతా చక్కగా పరిశీలిస్తారని నమ్ముతున్నాను.

తరువాత నా రెండవ వివాహం సంగతి కొంచెము మనవి చేస్తావినండి. మొదటి వివాహం శుభలేఖలు పంపేక సున్నముట్టించేను. అది ముందునెలలో వీలుంటే, యీ పత్రికవారు ప్రచురిస్తే మీముందు పెడతాను. రెండవ వివాహం అంతదాక రాకుండానే అంతరించింది.

నేను కాకినాడ, పి. ఆర్. హైస్కూలులో

నాల్గవఫారము చదువుతూండేవాడిని. మాకొక తెలుగు పండితులు (ఉభయ భాషాప్రవీణులు, కవులు కూడాను) ఉండేవారు. పేరు చెల్పుట భావ్యముకాదని తోస్తుంది. అర్ధసంవత్సరం గడిచింది. అప్పటివరకు, నా వినయవిధేయతలు, నాకు తెలుగునందుగల అభిమానము, అందరు మేష్టర్లు నేను బాగాచదువుతానని, బుద్ధిమంతుడనని అనడం, అప్పుడప్పుడు ఫస్టుమార్కులు రావడం, పోటీపరీక్షలో ఫస్టుమార్కులు తెచ్చుకొని పూర్తిస్కాలర్షిప్పు సంపాదించడం, మాశాస్త్రులుగారు గమనించి వుంటారు కాబోలు. బాగుందనుకున్నారు, రంగంలో దిగేరు. మేమిద్దరం ప్రతిపక్షులం. రంగస్థలం కొన్నినాళ్ళు క్లాసుగది; మరికొన్నినాళ్ళు రోడ్లు; పిమ్మట గురువుగారి గృహమే!

ప్రథమరంగం ప్రారంభించేరు. ఒకరోజు క్లాసులోమావూరుపేరడిగేరు. 'యేనుగుమహాల్' అని చెప్పేను. 'మీయింటిపేర'న్నారు. 'జోశ్యభట్లవార'న్నాను. 'అల్లాగట్రా' అన్నారు. 'అయితే మనమంతా ఒకేశాఖరా' అన్నారు. నాకు మనస్సులో ఆనందం కలిగింది. తరువాత కుఱ్ఱాళ్ళంతా 'ఏమిటోయి మేష్టర్లతో బంధుత్వం కలుపుతున్నావు? ఎప్పటికేనా మంచిది. కలుపు, కలుపు' అని ఎగతాళి ప్రారంభించేరు. ఏమిట్రా యీ ఖర్మమనుకున్నాను. మరునాడు యీలాగునే క్లాసులో దగ్గరకు పిల్చేసరికి వెళ్ళేను. 'అయితేఅబ్బాయి! మీగోత్రమేమిటి?' అన్నారు. 'ఆత్రేయసగోత్రమ' న్నాను. ఆయన సంతోషపడ్డారు. నాసోదరులంతా దృష్టులతో యెగతాళి ప్రారంభించేరు. కానీ, ఏమిచేస్తామనుకున్నాను. గోత్రమడగ్గానే నాగుండెల్లో రాయి పడింది. విషయ మర్థమయిపోయింది. గురువుగారితో చనువుగా మట్లాడడం గలిగింది. ప్రతి రోజు క్లాసులో మాకిద్దరకు జరిగే శోకాభిరామాయణ ప్రసంగంతో సగంకాలము జరిగిపోయేది. ఇదే పాఠమయిపోయింది చివరకు. ఇక రోడ్లరంగం. ఎక్కడ కనపడితే అక్కడ భుజముపై తట్టడం, కుశలప్రశ్నలు వేయడం ప్రారంభించేరు. దీనితో గాబరాపడ్డాను. మళ్లీ ధైర్యం తెచ్చుకొని మనకేం అనుకున్నాను. ఇక అన్నదమ్ములు, అక్కచెల్లెండ్ర విషయం అడిగేరు. చెప్పేను. ఆస్తివిషయం అడిగేరు. దీనిలో మట్టుకు అబద్ధమాడేను. అప్పటి కప్పుడే మార్చి నెల. ఇక చల్లగా ఒకరోజున విషయం జారవిడిచేరు. 'అబ్బాయి! నీకొకచక్కనిపిల్లను పెళ్ళిచేస్తాను, చేసుకుంటావా?' అన్నారు. 'చేసుకోనండీ'అన్నాను. 'ఏమిరా?' అన్నారు. 'పేదవాడినని చెప్పేనుకాదండీ. రామ, రామ, దరిద్రునకెలాగున కట్టిపెడతారండీ' అన్నాను. 'నీమొఖం, ఆస్తివిషయం నిజంచెప్పవోయి' అన్నారు. 'నాకసలు ఏమీతెలియదండి' అన్నాను. 'సరే మీ అన్నగారికి వ్రాసి తెలుసుకుంటాన'న్నారు. మాఅన్నగారు అన్నివిషయములు వ్రాసేరుగాని, నాసమ్మతి ముఖ్యమన్నారు; యిదివరకొకటయింది గనుక. ఇక ఆయన నన్నే ఒప్పించాలని పూనుకొన్నారు అంతలో పరీక్షవైనాయి. వేసవి రెండు నెలలు బ్రతుకుజీవుడా అనుకొన్నాను.

మరుసటి సంవత్సరం మళ్లీ ప్రారంభం. 'నాకొద్దండీ బాబూ' అన్నా ఆయన వినలేదు. ఆయన నన్నుగట్టిగాప్రేమించేరు. 'కుఱ్ఱాడవు వెఱ్ఱిమొగమా! నీకేమితెలుసును? వివాహం లేనిదే పుత్రులెట్లా? 'పున్నామ్నో నరకాయత యితి పుత్రం' అనుఆర్యవచనము మరచేవా? 'అన్నారు. 'ఆర్యవచనం ఆర్యులకే చెల్లునుగాని మనకెందుక'న్నాను. ఆయనకు భాషకేం లోటు! పిల్లను

వర్ణించ మొదలుపెట్టారు. వింటూ వుండేవాణ్ణి మహా ఆనందంగా. దీనిలో క్రొత్త క్రొత్త విషయాలు తెలిసికొనే వాడిని. ఇదో కందుకు లాభమనుకొన్నాను. ఈవిధముగా ఆసంవత్సరము గడిచింది.

స్కూలుఫైనలులో పడ్డాను. ఇది మా తెలుగు శాస్త్రుల్లుగారిక్కి నాకు మూడవ సంవత్సరం. మళ్లీ ఎప్పటి ఆటే ప్రారంభమయినది. ఈ సంవత్సరము మాగురువుగారిపని తొందరలో పడింది. నాకు ఆప్తులు మరొక మేష్టారుండేవారు. ఆయనచేతకూడా గట్టిగా చెప్పించారు. లాభము లేకపోయింది. రోజులు, వారములు, నెలలు గడచిపోతున్నాయి. ఆయనకాశపోలేదు. 'ఏమిరా, అబ్బాయి! చక్కని రత్నలాంటి పిల్లరా; మీకిద్దరకు యీడుజోడు తగుతుందిరా; నీకే చెయ్యాలని ఉందిరా; వృథాగా పోగొట్టుకోకురా; మీరిద్దరు కలిసిఉంటే నేనేకాదు లోకమంతా బ్రహ్మానంద పడతారురా; మీయిద్దరి ఉద్దేశ్యాలు ఒకటై సుఖంగా జీవిస్తారురా; నీకన్ని విషయాలలోను సహకారిగా ఉంటుందిరా; తెలివితేటలుగల పిల్ల; సంగీతము నేర్చుకున్నది,' అని యీవిధంగా బ్రితిమాలేరు చాలాసార్లు మేష్టారు. నాకు చాలా జాలిగలిగింది మేష్టారి అవస్థ చూస్తే. కాని ఏంచెయ్యను? నాభయం నన్ను వదలలేదు. మేష్టారి దృష్టిలోఉన్నంతసేపు బాగానే ఉండేది. ఆయన వదలగానే భయపిచాచ మావరించేది. మాఅన్నగారు సమస్తము నానెత్తిమీదే పెట్టారు. స్కూలుఫైనలు పరీక్షలు దగ్గరకువచ్చాయి. మేష్టారిబాధ తప్పింది. పరీక్షలైనాయి.

మాశాస్త్రుల్లుగారికి ఒక సుపుత్రుడున్నాడు. అతడు షష్టఫారము చదువుతున్నాడు. పండిత పుత్రుడే! మాగురువుగారు ఆతడిని పరీక్షలయ్యేవరకు కొంచెము చదివించమన్నారు. మొగమాటముచేత ఒక నెలరోజులేగదా అని సమ్మతించాను. వారంరోజులు సాఫీగా నడిచాయి మాఆవిడకు యింకాపెళ్ళి చెయ్యలేదట. నాకు తెలియదు—ఖర్మం! ఇంతవరకు ఆవిడెవరో నాకు తెలియదు. మాశాస్త్రుల్లుగారి కూతురు మట్టుకు కాదు. ఆయనకు కొసరువేసిన వంకాయలాగు మాప్రస్తుతపు శిష్యుడొక్కడే. తర్వాత తెలిసికొన్నాను. ఆయన తమ్ముని కూతురని. పాపము తల్లిలేదట. ఇక మళ్ళీ ప్రారంభమయింది గొడవ. ఇపుడు ముగ్గురైనారు—శాస్త్రుల్లుగారు, ఆయనభార్య, తమ్ముడు కూడాను. అప్పుడు బాధపడే దినములనుకున్నాను. కాని మధ్యమధ్య ఆనందంకూడా కలిగేది. అప్పుడప్పుడు ఫలహారాలు తగిలేవి, జిహ్వాకు రుచిగా. వీనులకు విందుగా చక్కని గాత్రముతో సంగీతము వినబడేది. అప్పుడప్పుడు మాభార్యామణి నల్లని మేఘమండలి మెరుపు తీవలాగు, ఆదుస్థులలో తళుక్కున మెరసి అదృశ్యమౌతూండేది. ఇది కండ్లకు విందు. ఆసమయంలో ప్రపంచము వింతగా తోచేది. నేనిక్కడ భార్యామణి అని ప్రయోగించితినేమా అని చదువరులు సందేహింపవచ్చు. చివరకు అట్లాఅనడం దోషము కాదని గ్రహింపగలరని నమ్ముతున్నాను. ఇక అందరు లాభము లేదనుకున్నారు. కుఱ్ఱాడి పరీక్షలైనాయి. నేవారింటికి వెళ్లడం మానేశాను.

కొన్నాళ్ళయిన తర్వాత మాగురువుగారిని నన్ను ఎరిగిన గోల్కొండ వ్యాపారి ఒకాయన మధ్యాహ్నము మూడుగంటలకు రామారావుపేటకు సైకిలుమీద వెళ్తూండగా, నన్నాపి యీవిధముగా చెప్పారు:

"ఏమోయి! నీకిస్తానన్న అమ్మాయికి చివరకు ప్రయత్నముచేసి పదిరోజుల క్రితమే వాళ్ళపల్లెలో వివాహము చేశారు. సలక్షణంగా జరిగింది. మొదటి మూడురోజులు గడిచాయి. తర్వాత మూడురోజులు మనుగుడుపులకు పిల్ల అత్తవారింటికి తీసుకువెళ్లారు. అక్కడకు వెళ్ళినరోజునే నాగవల్లి. అత్తగారుకూడ కొంచెముగా చలిమిడి తిన్నారు. ఆరోజుననే యిద్దరకు విరోచనములు ప్రారంభమైనాయి. మరునాడుదయం యిద్దరు అకస్మాత్తుగా ...." ఈసంగతి వినేసరికి శరీరం కొయ్యబారింది. కళ్ళనుండి అప్రేరితముగా నీళ్ళుకారాయి. అయిదు నిముషాలు శరీరము మరచాను. తరువాత సిగ్గు పడ్డాను. ధైర్యము తెచ్చుకొని వెళ్ళిపోయాను. తరువాత రెండు రోజులు నిద్రాహారములు మరచాను. కాని యీ విషయం జీవితంలో మరవలేను. దీనికంతకు కారణం నాకింతవరకు బోధపడలేదు.